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LYDIA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Her mouth was red, and you would say
Required a quiet glad,
But for the unsleeping play
Of action thought it had.

The pathos of her soft blue eyes
Was made of shade and sun—
Half expectation, half surprise,
Terror and trust in one.

Her voice was sweeter than a sigh,
And subtler than a song,
And quiet as the shadow by
Her side, she went along.

The sunshine of her purer mood
On all things freely shone,
But in her tender solitude
Of soul, I dwelt alone.

His weight not lift her head in pride,
An estimation true—
As lowly where flowers spread for and wide
Under the grass, was she.

Meeting was to her hands, and wife
We loved, I know no name—
Stronger, that with just one little smile
You would see to be bright.

All things are changed—I feel aggrieved
And wronged, I know not how—
In it a dream she ever lived,
Or am I dreaming now?

SILVERTHORNE.

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BUSINESS IS DONE.

"MR. ARNTON, I suppose?"

The attorney replied that such was his name, and handed his visitor a chair.

"My name is Wilkinson, sir. I am from Manchester, and have some thoughts of moving to this place with my family—a wife and four children. I have been informed that you have the renting of quite a number of houses and tenements. I have not yet secured work to entirely satisfy me; but I hope to do so; and in the meantime I thought I might have my eye on some place of which—"

What rent could Mr. Wilkinson pay?

Not much for one who wished a respectable residence, though he hoped he might be able to secure such a one.

Mr. Arnton had tenements which rented all the way from two-pounders up to twenty pounds; and he had houses which he could let for ten pounds, and upwards.

Mr. Wilkinson preferred a single house, if he could find one to suit his taste and purse. Could the attorney direct him to one, the rent of which would not exceed fifteen pounds?

Arnton took a card from his desk and wrote down some directions upon it.

"There," he said, handing the card to his visitor, "are four houses which will be vacated during the present month; and as they are now occupied, you can examine them at your convenience. Inquire of them well you, we can look further at another time. You will observe the terms of rent and payment marked against the numbers."

"Thank you, sir. I will let you know the result either this evening, or to-morrow morning."

With this the visitor very politely took his leave. He cast a few searching glances about the room as he passed out; and then he went away to examine the premises to which the attorney's card directed him. He asked a great many questions of the occupants; looked over the houses; consulted the surroundings; and then repaired to his inn, where the scene of Arbuthnot's death had been registered.

Not an hour afterwards Gerald Swinburne and his hired man met in a private room.

"Well, my friend, have you been there?"

"Yes, and I have seen the wash."

"Arnton could not have suspected you?"

"Bah! Why do you ask? I went to hire a house, and took a look at four of them."

"All right. And now, can you get into that vault?"

"Yes. I'll use the inside of it to-night."

"Good."

"We'll meet here at ten o'clock."

"Good again."

The rest of the day Gerald passed in-doors, having no desire to be seen by the attorney; and as the appointed hour Swinest found him in his room. They drank a glass of brandy, smoked a cigar, talked their pleas over, and, at just eleven o'clock, started forth.

"Follow me," said the burglar.

"But this is not the way to old Arnton's," suggested Gerald.

"It is my way. Lay low and keep in the shadow, and we'll come out all right."

By a circuitous route, through dark streets and narrow lanes, Bill Swinest led his companion, until at length they stood upon the back side of Mr. Arnton's garden wall.

"Upon my soul," said Gerald, when he had discovered where he was, "you must have been familiar with these avenues. Were you ever here before?"

"Never until to-day."

"But, how guided you such a knowledge of them by-ways?"

"Ah, that is one of the secrets of my profession. Before a lock can be picked it must be reached; and those who would save a secret must guard all its avenues to that secret. But come,—what's the time?"

Gerald took out his repeater, and having held it to his ear, he reported,—"Eleven and three quarters."

"It must be just upon the last quarter then," said Swivet. "However, it is nigh enough to midnight. Stand easy, and I will take a peep at the premises."

Then speaking he took from beneath his coat a small coil of stout cord, upon one end of which was secured a grappling-hook; and in the first trial he succeeded in throwing it over the wall so that the hook caught upon the coping. Fixed to the cord was a small wooden ciphion, inches apart, which afforded steps for the foot, so that the contrivance amounted to a very neat little rope-ladder. Swivet climbed to the top of the wall; and having satisfied himself on some points, he turned and spoke to Gerald.

"Everything is quiet, and I guess the old 'un is abed and asleep. Can you come up?"

Gerald said he would try, and the result was that he soon sat upon the coping by the side of his companion. The next movement was to pull up the rope, and lower it upon the inside, by which means they descended into the garden. A few moments spent in listening, and then Swivet whispered:

"I think you had better go with me. If no one sleeps in the office, it is plain to be seen that we shall not be disturbed; and as you must see the document, it will save time if you see it in the vault."

This arrangement pleased Gerald, so they both removed their boots, and then crossed the garden. To ascend to the verandah was easy enough, and Bill Swivet had but little trouble in opening the shutters of the lay-window, and moving the casement. When they had gained the office the shutters were carefully closed, and the burglar then proceeded to light his lantern. It was a small affair, this lantern, but it sent forth a bright glare from its perforated sides, and the tin surgeon would probe a wound; and presently he withdrew the point, and had recourse again to his bag.

"Can't you make it work?" asked Gerald, who had been watching with much anxiety.

"Why, and you shall see," was Swivet's quiet reply. "I've been prospecting thus far."

He now used two instruments instead of one. With the first he seemed to grapple the motion, and press it back, while with the other he lifted the little drop-checks out of the way. Click, click, click, as one after another of these checks were set free, and ere long the bolt was moved back, and the door swung open.

"By my soul," said Gerald, "you didn't make much of a job of that."

"Could you safely amputate a man's leg?" asked the burglar, getting up from his knees.

"Of course not," answered the barrister.

"No," added Swivet. "You wouldn't know where to look for the arteries, even if you knew where to cut; and yet a skillful surgeon will do the job in a very few minutes."

"O,—I didn't mean to insinuate that you had done an ill job," said Gerald, quickly. "I appreciate the service. I was only surprised by your skill."

"That skill cost me something, sir."

"I know it, and you shall be paid."

"And you see it has opened this vault; so now we'll look for the paper."

"There may be drawers to open," suggested Gerald, as they entered the large loft.

"Never mind," returned the burglar, taking the lantern, and throwing the light around upon the various compartments. "I have keys that will unlock any ordinary affair. And now let us see: Such an instrument as the one you have described would naturally be tucked away in some quiet nook where it would not need to be often disturbed. Here are two drawers which would seem to answer such a purpose safely. Hold the light, and I'll try them."

They were tried, the second one only opening them by means of sk-sketon keys, and were found to contain books and deeds which had evidently been placed with the attorney for safe keeping. After this several other drawers were tried, but with no better success.

"Of course," suggested Gerald, "he would not keep such a document in any of these places."

"No,—it isn't likely," said Swivet. He looked around a moment, and then added,—"Let me take the light. I don't believe we've seen the whole of this strong box yet. I've been in just such places before."

A careful search, with experienced eyes, and the burglar had it:

"Ah, here it is. The old fellow economizes room, you see. Now hold the light again, and we'll take a new tack."

One of the banks of pigeon-holes, in the back part of the vault, was found to be encased in a moveable frame, which, when found free from fastening, swung open like a door, revealing a vast arrangement of small drawers. At these drawers the burglar went with his skeleton keys, and directly he came to one that contained wills, upon which event he allowed an exclamation of satisfaction to fall from his lips.

"Have you found it?" asked Gerald, highly excited.

"Wait a moment,—ah—this looks like it. 'Last Will and Testament of Edward Arnton.'"

"That's it! that's it!" cried the barrister. "Let's have it open as soon as possible."

"Don't be too fast, my dear sir. Before we proceed further we'll see that we are right; for this document is not to be opened in a moment. You say you want to leave it exactly as it was found."

"Certainly."

"Then the seal must be handled carefully. We'll take a peep around the office, and then proceed."

After listening awhile, and being satisfied that they were not to be immediately disturbed, Swivet opened the lantern and proceeded to heat a small plate of brass which he took from his bag. The heat was enough to melt the wax that sealed the will until the wax was partially softened, and then, with a very thin, keen knife, he split the top of the seal clean off; and having laid the part bearing the impress of the attorney's signet carefully away, he very soon succeeded in opening the document.

"We will save time, and rust it together," said the burglar.

"Let me read it aloud," returned Gerald, with much firmness. "If, after I have done so, you are not satisfied with my decision, you can look for yourself. The contents can have no interest for you, above mere curiosity; and, to satisfy that, I am not willing to make this thing public. I hope you understand me."

"Perfectly," said Swivet. And he gave the instrument up without further remark or hesitation.

Gerald opened it, and then took the lantern. The parchment was found, and bore the seal of Cheswold, and the signature of the barons; and Adam Willet, Luke Blanch, and Walter Arnton were witnesses. He read the carefully written will from beginning to end, and then he read it over; and then read it again; and then he folded it up, just as it had been folded before, and handed it to his companion.

"Do you replace the seal?" His voice was low and trembled.

"Of course I can. But first—"

"I is all right," quickly interrupted the barrister. "You shall have the thousand pounds. And now seal up the instrument, and let us be gone as soon as possible."

"Ah,—it pleases you then?" remarked Swivet, as he took the will, and proceeded to heat his plate of iron.

"No," replied Gerald; "it does not please me; but the knowledge may benefit me."

The burglar proceeded in his work without further remark, and ere long the seal had been so nicely replaced that Gerald could not detect a flaw in the connection, nor a mark of injury to the signet.

"It is a remarkable piece of work," the latter said.

"Another of the fine points of our profession," added Swivet. "You see it requires education and tact for this business. Any one can steal; but it requires a man of intellect to perform a respectable operation at burglary."

Gerald admitted the proposition, and then told the business which his companion put back the will where he had found it, and restored the internal arrangement of the vault. To lock the door, was a simple matter; as was the egress from the office, and the closing and securing of the shutters behind them. Back through the garden, and over the wall they crept; and when they had put on their boots, and Swivet had coiled up his rope-ladder, they returned to the inn by different routes, and met in the room where they had met before. The bottle was not yet empty, so they refreshed themselves with a glass of brandy, and then sat down.

"Mr. Swivet," said the barrister, speaking like one whose mind dwelt only upon business, "I may never see you again, as I intend to take an early start for Cheswold. I told you that the contents of the will did not please me. They did not. Still, the knowledge I have gained may be of great benefit to me, though I have a work to do, and obstacles to overcome. I suppose you will start on your return to-morrow."

"Yes."

"And the events of this night are secret with you?"

"You know they are."

"I am satisfied. I asked the question because it was a my mind. And now for our settlement. Here is your fee. I suppose you have been an account of your expenses."

Gerald took from his pocket-book ten notes of one hundred pounds each, which he handed to his companion. Swivet, having glanced his eye over the valuable bits of paper, transferred them to his own pocket, and then drew forth a small memorandum, where he had his expenses all figured up. Gerald was perfectly satisfied with the amount, and paid it without a question. Another glass of brandy, and Gerald took the burglar's hand.

"It is possible," he said, in a hesitating mood, "that we may meet in some public place in the future. If we should—"

"I understand you," interrupted Swivet, a warm smile lighting around the corners of his dusky eye mouth. "I know just what you mean to say; but you need have no fears. From this time forth Gerald Murdock, barrister, of the Middle Temple, is as one dead to me. If he would speak with me, or be recognized by me, at any time to the future, he must seek me for that purpose."

Gerald was gratified by this.

Another glass, and they parted.

Before the sun was fairly up Gerald Murdock was in his cabin, and on his way to Cheswold.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Arnton's house-hunter appeared again in his office.

"Good day, Mr. Wilkinson."

"And the same to you, Mr. Wilkinson said good-day in return.

"Did either of the houses suit you, sir?"

"One of them suited me very well; but I have since troubled you to no purpose. I have received a letter from Manchester, which induces me to think that I would rather remain where I am for the present."

"Not at all, sir—not at all."

The door of the great vault was open; and so were the shutters of the bay-window; and things in the attorney's office appeared as usual. No tracks were left to indicate that the sanctum had been visited unlawfully.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT GERALD SAW UNDER THE SEAL.

Gerald reached Cheswold in the afternoon, and found that his father had gone out in the buggy with Jack Spencer. He sat his dinner, and having dressed himself, and called for a fresh horse, he rode over to Farworth, where he found the Lady Lorinda and myself waiting to welcome him. He spent two hours in her company; and never before had he appeared to so good advantage. He spoke only upon subjects which he knew would please her, and was very modest and quiet at that. When she asked him how he had succeeded in his business, he was moderate and frank in his replies. He had done very well, he told her.

"I had a good fortune," he said, "to be associated with a superior man, and together we accomplished our purpose, and gained our ends. In fact, Lorinda, I have reason to congratulate myself upon my success, not so much because I helped bring it about, but because I have been enabled to see a new sphere of action open before me. As you are like a sister to me; and as I have no one else whom I can cheerfully make my confidant, I wish to speak freely and plainly to you—just as you would have an own brother speak. I shall not offend you?"

He spoke so tenderly, and so earnestly, and there was, it appeared to her, so much of hope and prayer in his look, that the maiden gave him her hand and bade him say all he wished.

"I cannot speak with my father so I wish to speak," Gerald resumed, "for he seems almost stern to me when I approach him with my soul's deepest feelings. I know he loves me, and desires to see me prosper; but he looks higher than I do, and would have me hang at once into grand accomplishments of life. Perhaps there is no good that I should tell my feelings to my body: but still we all love to find some friend to whom we can open our soul's secrets, and receive we want assistance or advice, but because the sympathy of a brother or sister is a strength and help to us. Is it not so?"

"Indeed it is," replied Lorinda, feelingly.

"I was going to speak to you of my future prospects," said the young barrister. "Of course I tell you nothing new when I say that I have, in times past, hoped that I might be for Edward's wife. But as love to confess that time has been when an announcement to the contrary would have crushed and saddened me. But for it is not so now. By dint of much self-labor, I have given to the my highest hopes of life and my own endeavors. From the peculiar turn which affairs have taken, I cannot but believe that the will of my uncle is not to be such in my favor—and, should such prove to be the case, I shall not be greatly disappointed. In short, I have resolved to work out my own fortune. My progress will be good; business will open well for me when autumn comes; and I mean to win my way to rank and fame. And thus, in the end, I shall be prepared to receive the testamentary bounties of Sir Edward with such calm resignation if it gives me nothing I shall not suffer; and it gives me much, I shall be prepared to do more good in life, being thus blessed with more means."

Lorinda could not think that Sir Edward had made a will which was to cut his nephew off from the birthright. She hoped it would not prove so.

"Never mind," said Gerald, with a brotherly smile, "we will let that matter rest. Suffice it that I have, in a measure, made up my mind to the worst. And, remember, we will improve the opportunities which God presents before us."

With such a spirit, and with such a determination, you cannot fail," said Lorinda, cheerfully.

"If I do not succeed it shall not be my fault. I shall spend the remainder of the Summer at Cheswold, devoting a part of the time to study and when the cool of Autumn comes I shall plunge into business. During the time I have for leisure, I trust I may be able to enjoy myself, by making up the enjoyment of others."

As Gerald thus spoke, he looked on his watch, and said it was time for him to go to his return; and as he arose and took his hat, the fair maiden of Farworth expressed the hope that he would visit her when he could make it convenient. And she spoke kindly and warmly. So her old play-fellow had excited her deepest sympathies. He reverently expressed the hope that Gerald had been children together—like a weak little girl, and he a stout, willing boy.—But the silence of a few brief moments came from living those days over again. She saw not the tears that gathered over and moistened beneath his eye—glances which were too much at variance with his words—but she knew he spoke truly, and when he was gone she murmured a fervent prayer for all his peace and safety.

When Gerald reached Cheswold, he found his father at home, and before the evening meal conversation was as though he had been away on business connected with the estate. Soon as possible after supper, however, they repaired to the library, where Gerald's return to Cheswold was first had transpired.

"I have succeeded," replied Gerald, emphatically. "What is more, I have seen the will."

"Not so much as a mark upon the seal."

"Not a mark," said the elder, with a chuckle Owen, drawing his chair nearer to his son.

"It is to my very great joy. Then it is written in that lieutenant: There is one condition under which, at the end of twenty years or some time, I may be heir of this broad domain."

"Ah! What is it?"

"*If I am the husband of Lorinda Yerbrook.*"

"How?" cried Owen. "Are you serious?"

"So is he," replied Gerald, solemnly.

"But I do not comprehend. What does it mean? Why should he have been over-anxious upon such an event?"

"It is to me very simple," resumed Gerald, "and I think it will be to you when you hear the rest. The fact is, I am not the party whose interest is first considered in that will. Lorinda Yerbrook is the first favorite: and her children are looked to as the final heirs; and only on condi-

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tion that I am to be the father of these children can I inherit the property. Now you shall see: First—If, when this will is opened, I shall have become Lorinda's husband, the property is mine. If such is not the case, and Lorinda marries another, a rare stipend is apportioned to me—three hundred pounds annually—and the bulk of the property is held in trust for her oldest child. If she dies without issue, then Cheswold goes to some distant relatives in Yorkshire. Of course provision is made for the servants; but your name is not mentioned. Will you think of it?"

Owen Murdock started up from his chair, and walked hurriedly across the room.

"By the fiends, but this is most villainous!" he exclaimed, as he sank again into his seat.

"So I thought at first," returned Gerald.

"And have you changed your mind now, my son?"

"Not exactly my mind, governor, but I have changed the direction of my thoughts. Instead of dwelling upon the spirit which dictated that will, I have turned my meditation to what the result may be. It seems to me that we have some power yet left in our hands."

Owen reflected awhile, and gradually his countenance brightened.

"Upon my soul, Gerald, you speak truly. We have the advantage. You must marry with Lorinda Yorkstone."

"Exactly," returned the son, drumming upon the table with his fingers. "Now you see it must do."

"But lady, I fear, is inclined to be stubborn," said Owen, with a shake of the head.

"Still, we won't think of that, governor."

"I was not thinking of that, Gerald. was only thinking that we should have to work carefully. It may be possible that she can be won to do our purpose, but if that fails, we must resort to starner measures."

"Leave her wills ass awhile," returned Gerald, with a suggestive nod. "I have seen her to-day, and I hope I shall be able to make a favorable impression upon her. At all events, I shall try hard for it. I think I have discovered the avenue to her sympathies, and if I can work upon them properly, I am sure, in time, reach her heart."

Then suppose the matter rests where it is until you have tried your experiment, and in the meantime a shall be laying my plans for meeting the event of your failure."

"How so? What plans have you in view?"

"You may remember, perhaps," Owen replied, slowly nodding his head, as though his thoughts were working as he spoke, "that at this time past, I have done some business at our court of chancery. The case is a fried of mine, and I think I could still wield some influence at his court. At any rate, I shall try. My thoughts in that direction, and be prepared to work with the chancellor, if necessary."

Gerald seemed to comprehend his father's meaning, for he nodded approvingly, but spoke no more questions, and soon afterwards the train rushed to rest.

During the forenoon of the following day Gerald walked down by the river, and sauntered at the boat-builder's shop, which he found locked. He then went to the inn, and found that closed also. When he returned to the house, he asked his father where Old Silverthorne kept himself.

"Upon my life, Gerald, that is more than I can tell you. The old fellow goes and comes most unaccountably. I don't think he has been here more than half the time since you have been gone. He is a puzzle to me, and yet I think I have the advantage of him. I imagine cannot save him."

"Because you" repeated the young man, eagerly. "Have you discovered the secret?—have you solved the mystery that has enveloped him?"

"Thus far have I solved it, my son, and I have the evidence of some of the old servants to bear me out: The old felon did not honestly earn out his term of transportation. He had been hanging around Cheswold at various times within the last dozen years. There can be no solvable about it. The moment I looked upon him, and heard him speak, I knew I had seen him before. At first I was puzzled, but a chance remark from the old butler opened my understanding. He must have convicted, somehow, way, to escape from the penal colony, and make his way back to England, and furthermore, I believe that, while we supposed him hard at work under sentence, he was here in England engaged in his old tricks with the smugglers."

"Then," said Gerald, "if the old scoundrel, by any chance, got in our way, we could easily control him."

"Aye," returned Owen, "and, more than that, I believe he is never idle. The smugglers now fit must be so, for I can conceive of nothing else which should call him away so much."

"It is a wonder to me," remarked Gerald, "how Sir Edward came to treat him so kindly."

"That is all natural enough, my son. Sir Edward was a boy Silverthorne accepted this same shop, and rent a secret, long ago, had to used to devote half his time to selling the boys for his son, and helping him in the work on the stream. I know that when the boatbuilder was transported, he learned, who was then just one-and-twenty, fairly wept with sorrow. It is a wonder, then, that when the old man returned, bent and frosted with age, Sir Edward should turn kindly and lovingly towards him? For we must remember the baronet's kindly habit of mind, and his generous heart, sometimes."

"I understand it now," said Gerald.

"And," pursued Owen, "I have no doubt that Sir Edward knew all Silverthorne's secrets. He must have known them, and he must have consented to shield him from the danger of recognition and apprehension."

"By the life of me," muttered the young barrister, rubbing his hands in a manner very strange about the whole affair. Sir Edward Silverthorne was not in his right mind. He could not have been."

Such was Owen's opinion, also, though he was somewhat reserved in his expression of it.

It was at the commencement of the week when the foregoing conversation took place, and on the following Saturday Gerald went down to the little shop again, as he had a great curiosity to see old Silverthorne, and to speak with him. But the shop and the out were both closed, and the old man had been gone a week.

Another seven days passed, and Gerald went down again, but with no better success than before. And yet another, and another week—four weeks in all—and Silverthorne had not returned, and no one knew whither he had gone? Was the old man dead?

No. For more weeks passed away, and he came—came on foot, telling through the vale, and up the hill, once-erected and weary, his stiff war locks gleaming in the sunbeams, and his snowy head striking with drops of sweat. He kept on to his cot, where, an hour afterwards, Owen Murdock and Gerald found him. He greeted them politely, but not cordially. He tried to speak kindly to them, but the tones took to themselves a bitter tinge ere they left his lips.

"You have been gone a long time," said Owen, after he had taken a seat.

"Yes," replied Silverthorne, leaning forward upon his staff, which he had not laid aside when he sat down. "I have been gone somewhat longer than I expected."

"You have had business, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it far away?"

The old man hesitated. A cloud swept across his face—a shudder disturbed his frame—and, while the setter lip quivered and contracted, and the keen, dark eye burned with changing light, he answered—

"You will excuse me if I ask you not to question me in that direction. You have asked nothing yet which I should hesitate to answer, but if you keep on, I should be forced to stop you, so it may as well be done now as then."

Owen Murdock's manner was pleasant with this, but the hot words upon his lips were not spoken.

"You have a right to your own secrets," he so kindly said. He spoke very calmly—too calmly. "When I asked you the simple question, I did not suppose that you had secrets which you would not confide."

Silverthorne lifted his head, and looked upon the man who had done so much for his son, and upon him with a look so strange, so deep, so intense, and so full of anguish, that its object fairly cowered beneath its influence.

"Owen Murdock, have you no secret which you dare not divulge?"

The words were spoken slowly, and with heavy emphasis.

"I—I—no secret!" returned Owen, hesitating at each word.

"Aye—a secret."

"No, my master! No!—I have none."

"Are you wonder at my having a secret, think for a moment, Owen Murdock," he said, in the same mighty tone. "If you find none you have been more fortunate than you look here. Further. Look back towards the time that you Silverthorne came to Cheswold. You were a young man, but your memory of events must be good. Can you not call to mind scenes there? Ah, Owen Murdock, smuggling was not the only business that the Cheswold coast in those years?"

Owen was startled by an earthquake scene Owen Murdock from his chair. He took a step or two in the withdrawal, and then stood and stopped. In a little while the blood came back to his face, and he tried to laugh.

"Poor fool!" he said, "go find thy senses. There never existed answer a question, nor trust to visitor respectfully. Pray gather thy wits gained t see then again.—Come, Gerald."

And, drawing his son with him by the arm, Owen Murdock left the cot, and had walked some distance before either overtook him.

"Father, what is all this?"

"It means—"

"All this mystery of that old man's speech? I did not know—"

"I don't know. He is crazy."

"Crazy or not, there is some meaning—he must have directed his shaft with some know ledge and knowledge of the past. What can it mean by Silverthorne."

"Hush!" repeated Owen, looking into his son's face.

"Not at home, or you would not have born so stupidly. What was it?"

For some minutes the parent walked on by the side of his child without speaking; but finally he said, in a tone calmer than he had before been heard to speak:

"Gerald, ask me no more. I do not think he meant to betray me. I am not conscious of guilt. If he did, he may have alluded to something which I have forgotten—something of no moment which been not justly upon me. But I shall ask him again."

Gerald said no more upon the subject; but still, it was not to be supposed that it vanished his mind. A new and startling turn was given to the suspicions which had been inspired by Silverthorne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERALD PROPOSES.

The summer days passed away, and a rich store of golden grain had been gathered into the garners of Cheswold and Farworth. Thus far affairs seem to set the most favorable auspices for the estate without any trouble. The servants were still in their old places, and Owen Murdock was attended none of them. In fact, both he and Gerald were on the best of terms with everybody, though some of the wise ones did not believe it would last.

"I don't know," said the stout forester, with a shake of the head, "but I'm afraid that matters still I don't believe it. I tell ye, Owen Murdock is still plotting harm to Lorinda and her children. There's something in the wind. They've got some end in view. I know what Owen is, for I nurse are; and I know they aint acting honest. Mr. Gerald may even believe the smugglers now is stout he so, for I can conceive of nothing else which should call him away so much."

"It is a wonder to me," remarked Gerald, "how Sir Edward came to treat him so kindly."

"That is all natural enough, my son. Sir Edward was a boy Silverthorne accepted this same shop, and rent a secret, long ago, had to used to devote half his time to selling the boys for his son, and helping him in the work on the stream. I know that when the boatbuilder was transported, he learned, who was then just one-and-twenty, fairly wept with sorrow. It is a wonder, then, that when the old man returned, bent and frosted with age, Sir Edward should turn kindly and lovingly towards him? For we must remember the baronet's kindly habit of mind, and his generous heart, sometimes."

"I understand it now," said Gerald.

"And," pursued Owen, "I have no doubt that Sir Edward knew all Silverthorne's secrets. He must have known them, and he must have consented to shield him from the danger of recognition and apprehension."

"By the life of me," muttered the young barrister, rubbing his hands in a manner very strange about the whole affair. Sir Edward Silverthorne was not in his right mind. He could not have been."

Such was Owen's opinion, also, though he was somewhat reserved in his expression of it.

It was at the commencement of the week when the foregoing conversation took place, and on the following Saturday Gerald went down to the little shop again, as he had a great curiosity to see old Silverthorne, and to speak with him. But the shop and the out were both closed, and the old man had been gone a week.

Another seven days passed, and Gerald went down again, but with no better success than before. And yet another, and another week—four weeks in all—and Silverthorne had not returned, and no one knew whither he had gone? Was the old man dead?

No. For more weeks passed away, and he came—came on foot, telling through the vale, and up the hill, once-erected and weary, his stiff war locks gleaming in the sunbeams, and his snowy head striking with drops of sweat. He kept on to his cot, where, an hour afterwards, Owen Murdock and Gerald found him. He greeted them politely, but not cordially. He tried to speak kindly to them, but the tones took to themselves a bitter tinge ere they left his lips.

"You have been gone a long time," said Owen, after he had taken a seat.

"Yes," replied Silverthorne, leaning forward upon his staff, which he had not laid aside when he sat down. "I have been gone somewhat longer than I expected."

"You have had business, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it far away?"

The old man hesitated. A cloud swept across his face—a shudder disturbed his frame—and, while the setter lip quivered and contracted, and the keen, dark eye burned with changing light, he answered—

"You will excuse me if I ask you not to question me in that direction. You have asked nothing yet which I should hesitate to answer, but if you keep on, I should be forced to stop you, so it may as well be done now as then."

Owen Murdock's manner was pleasant with this, but the hot words upon his lips were not spoken.

"You have a right to your own secrets," he so kindly said. He spoke very calmly—too calmly. "When I asked you the simple question, I did not suppose that you had secrets which you would not confide."

Silverthorne lifted his head, and looked upon the man who had done so much for his son, and upon him with a look so strange, so deep, so intense, and so full of anguish, that its object fairly cowered beneath its influence.

"Owen Murdock, have you no secret which you dare not divulge?"

The words were spoken slowly, and with heavy emphasis.

"I—I—no secret!" returned Owen, hesitating at each word.

"Aye—a secret."

"No, my master! No!—I have none."

"Are you wonder at my having a secret, think for a moment, Owen Murdock," he said, in the same mighty tone. "If you find none you have been more fortunate than you look here. Further. Look back towards the time that you Silverthorne came to Cheswold. You were a young man, but your memory of events must be good. Can you not call to mind scenes there? Ah, Owen Murdock, smuggling was not the only business that the Cheswold coast in those years?"

Owen was startled by an earthquake scene Owen Murdock from his chair. He took a step or two in the withdrawal, and then stood and stopped. In a little while the blood came back to his face, and he tried to laugh.

"Poor fool!" he said, "go find thy senses. There never existed answer a question, nor trust to visitor respectfully. Pray gather thy wits gained t see then again.—Come, Gerald."

And, drawing his son with him by the arm, Owen Murdock left the cot, and had walked some distance before either overtook him.

"Father, what is all this?"

"It means—"

"All this mystery of that old man's speech? I did not know—"

"I don't know. He is crazy."

"Crazy or not, there is some meaning—he must have directed his shaft with some know ledge and knowledge of the past. What can it mean by Silverthorne."

"Hush!" repeated Owen, looking into his son's face.

"Not at home, or you would not have born so stupidly. What was it?"

For some minutes the parent walked on by the side of his child without speaking; but finally he said, in a tone calmer than he had before been heard to speak:

"Gerald, ask me no more. I do not think he meant to betray me. I am not conscious of guilt. If he did, he may have alluded to something which I have forgotten—something of no moment which been not justly upon me. But I shall ask him again."

Gerald said no more upon the subject; but still, it was not to be supposed that it vanished his mind. A new and startling turn was given to the suspicions which had been inspired by Silverthorne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GERALD PROPOSES.

The summer days passed away, and a rich store of golden grain had been gathered into the garners of Cheswold and Farworth. Thus far affairs seem to set the most favorable auspices for the estate without any trouble. The servants were still in their old places, and Owen Murdock was attended none of them. In fact, both he and Gerald were on the best of terms with everybody, though some of the wise ones did not believe it would last.

"I don't know," said the stout forester, with a shake of the head, "but I'm afraid that matters still I don't believe it. I tell ye, Owen Murdock is still plotting harm to Lorinda and her children. There's something in the wind. They've got some end in view. I know what Owen is, for I nurse are; and I know they aint acting honest. Mr. Gerald may even believe the smugglers now is stout he so, for I can conceive of nothing else which should call him away so much."

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"You have been gone a long time," said Owen, after he had taken a seat.

"Yes," replied Silverthorne, leaning forward upon his staff, which he had not laid aside when he sat down. "I have been gone somewhat longer than I expected."

"Why not?" Gerald. Goodness marry! your oreu's in earnest, my lady. Ask me if you should listen to such a proposition from Gerald Murdock! Why, I should think your senses were going out of your head. Marry with Gerald Murdock! Of course you couldn't think of such a thing."

"Why not, Elley?"

"Why not! Why—because you couldn't. Your marry with such! What an idea!"

"You are getting excited, my dear. Speak plainly, and tell me why I should not marry with him."

The maid rose from her lowly seat in the excitement of her objection; but she restrained herself; and, after a short pause to imagine, she said:

"When you asked me what I thought of Gerald Murdock, if I had told you just what I thought, I should have said that I didn't think he was to be trusted. He has a cunning look. His eye is treacherous, and his lip is gross and sensual. He's a wicked man in my opinion, and can't half cover him. He's a—a—"

"A what?"

"He's a bad man, that's what he is. If I've learn your feelings, I'm sorry. I wouldn't have said this if you hadn't pressed me."

"But have you not spoken hastily, Ellen? Upon a sober second thought might you not alter a little of your objection?"

"Not one wish, my lady. If I on prejudiced, I can't help it; but I have told only what I feel."

"Well, Ellen, I have decided not to wed at least. I wanted your opinion, and I have got it."

"I am glad, my lady, you don't think of such a thing."

"Of course I have thought of it, or I shouldn't have spoken of it; but in what direction my thoughts have led you shall know at some future time. We will say no more about it now."

Slowly, Lorinda left the room, with this opinion.

Slowly dark the messenger returned, and reported that Silverthorne would come.

The old man came, and took slow o'clock, and Lorinda met him upon the piazza, and conducted him into the house, where she engaged herthemes to be brought for him. A simple meal of tea and bread and butter had been taken, and he asked his fair hostess why she had sent for him.

"I have a most important matter in hand upon which I wish to consult you," she replied. "I have heard that you are a man of skill, and one for not wishing to be seen at Cheswold just at present."

"Do not make yourself uneasy upon that score, my child. I am not here to betray you to your lealness."

"You have also no very foolish, sir, when I tell you why I have thus sent for you; but I can not well wish the doubt. My guardian, before he left me for the last time, bade me trust you; and I feel quite sure that he meant to govern me by your judgment."

"And," responded the old man, solemnly, "your confidence in me is not misplaced. I am ever to the best of my power. Speak to me as you would speak to a father."

"You have seen something of Gerald Murdock?" said Lorinda.

"I have."

"Perhaps you know something of his habits and character?"

"I do, my child."

The maiden looked earnestly and anxiously; and the old man answered her with a quietness and with much depth of meaning.

"Then," Lorinda pursued, after a moment's thought, "I will come to the point at once. Gerald Murdock has asked me to be his wife."

"Have you your answer ready?"

"I gave him none. I told him I would write to him. But, before I do reflection, you have time to consult with you."

"Have you your feelings in the matter? How speaks your heart?"

"Against him and against him. But I would not be governed by prejudice. I wished to be fortified by the opinion of some one more experienced."

Silverthorne reached forward and took the maiden's hand, and when he spoke his voice was deep and low, as though it came from his very soul.

"My child, your own instincts are right. Trust them, and you will not go wrong. Gerald Murdock must marry with his peers. Before he can wed you, he must be a changed man, or not worthy to be your husband! Were you my child, I would rather see you upon your bier than wed you to his unpaid couch; and I would rather commit you to the cold earth than see your early grave then resign you to his care and keeping. I speak thus, knowing that my Father in Heaven hears my words! Can I say more?"

Lorinda had listened to him with deep interest, and she had fallen the decision of her own mind, but she leaned her head upon his bosom. Her heart was too full for utterance. Silverthorne also cared not to ask him for his reasons, for she would not yet spring from his bosom.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A BIT OF BORDER LIFE.

BY AN OLD COMRADE OF DANIEL BOONE.

In the year 1807, I was living in a log-cabin settlement in Missouri. There were but few of us, but we were strong around and stout-hearted, as we had to be, for the Indian bands ravages summed us in on every side. One day, in the spring, I had to go to a neighboring settlement, where Boone was, for some powder and seed, and did not get back till the next morning. I found no wife—no children—no home—no return; only smoldering logs and ashes where my home had been. Then I knew the work of it, the night before. I was horror-stricken; but I was not long in doubt, for I met when I missed the bodies of my wife and child. They were both carried off as prisoners, and being alive, they might be re-

deemed. Not so with the poor old man, who lay on the ground, with his throat cut, and his head scalped. He was my father-in-law, Old Silverthorne, as he was called by the settlers, and also by the Indians, who knew him well, for he had been a trader among them for many years. He was a kind old man, and had been very good to me and mine, and I felt his death keenly. I was also John O'Neil's settlement. On arriving there, I found that the Indians had been there, excepting that his family had been slain along with his neighbors in the massacre. They were taken by being absent on I was. He of course did not receive information to join me in the attempt to rescue my wife and child.

We had ascertained that the attack upon my settlement had been made in the night by a party of less than a dozen Sioux Indians, whose trail we could trace for some miles in the Boone River, scarcely two days journey by land up the Missouri from Boone's Lick settlement. Boone, and I knew that although I had lost nearly two days, we might reach the Sioux before they could arrive by the tortuous river, and attack the enemy unawares.

Providing ourselves with two rifles each, and a supply of ammunition, we started forth; and, being well mounted, rode rapidly in a northeasterly direction, to strike the Mississippi at about the point where we expected to intercept the canoes. Even leaving our horses, we considered every part of the river bank for miles, hoping to find the camping-place of the Indians if they had put-passed; for we knew they would spend the night on shore. We discovered nothing to indicate that they had passed, though it was more than possible that they might have made their encampments on the farther side, or upon some of the many islands in the river. At length, on reaching the mouth of a small stream, we discovered mocassin tracks in the sand, and knew that these two canoes had been dragged ashore; and, but a little distance from the signs, were the still smouldering embers of a camp-fire.

This was a joyful discovery. But how much greater was the joy when I found contained near the spot several familiar objects, which encouraged me to hope that I might be able to direct and encourage our pursuit. There were a child's shoe, a stocking, and a portion of a woman's dress, which I instantly recognized as having belonged to my little boy and wife. Besides, there were other articles of female apparel, which I did not recognize, but I was convinced that the savages, who were accompanied by a number of captives, could not be many hours ahead of us.

Thanking Heaven for these encouraging tokens, and praying that our hands might be strengthened for the coming struggle in which, perhaps, we should be called upon to contend for our very lives, we mounted our horses, and, with the utmost caution, proceeded cautiously, looking cautiously from the thickets for a sight of enemy.

In this manner we traversed nearly all day, when towards evening, on coming to a sudden bend of the bank, we discovered almost beneath us the anxiously looked-for objects.

There were two large dug-outs, each containing four painted savages, and as many female captives. In the foremost I recognized the first objects of my agonizing solicitude. My wife was sitting upon the bottom of the canoe, and holding our darling boy to her bosom.

Boone, who was a wonderful marksman, they were yet unburned, for I could see that the child was sleeping, with its head on its mother's breast. For an instant I had no eye for anything but my wife and her companions. I scarcely saw their savage captors, who were sitting in the bows, rowing with long sticks. The husband was overcome by the sudden sight of his wife and child, and I was obliged to restrain myself from firing upon the canoes, I scarcely knew why, for I could not hope to kill all the savages at once, and I knew that the moment I fired, they would kill my wife and child.

Boone, however, who was more calm and collected than myself, and who had seen more of Indian warfare, saw that the moment was favorable for a shot, and, as the canoes were about to pass us, he fired. The foremost canoe was instantly upset, and the two Indians who were in it sank to rise no more. The other canoe, which contained my wife and child, was paddled rapidly to the opposite shore, and the savages, who were not yet aware of the extent of their danger, sprang out, and, leaving the canoe to float down the river, ran into the woods.

Boone and I now fired upon the canoe, and, as it was drifting rapidly down the river, we ran along the bank, and, as it approached the shore, I sprang into the water, and, seizing the canoe, dragged it to land. My wife and child were safe, and I was the happiest man in the world.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO A WIND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

No matter no matter
From whence thou hast flown,
From the East, West, or South,
Or from the North zone,
With thy broad wing upon us
Invisibly thrown!
No matter, no matter
If tempests or rains
Are the stories thou give's:
From thy mystical pains—
O Wind — as thou listenest, soft, ever soft
Come the Immanent's sighs!
So
'Tis the Soul that we see not.
Yet feel evermore
Breathing over our spirits
Our every impulse given,
And giving a power
It ne'er knew before.
O Heavin! we see not!
O Breathers from high!
O Mysteric floating!
So wonderful!
O Breath of the Immanent, soft, ever soft
With thy life-giving touch o'er Humanity's soul!

A MODERN HEROINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"All the beauty, all the heroism, all the poetic inspiration of olden times, has faded out of common life. Civilization, in taming the wilderness, has deprived his instincts of all the picturesque that made him a prodigal of valor in battle, and of love in love. Once in fashion across the historic page in knightly trappings, and his deeds of love and war were the themes of minstrel and troubadour. But now that steam is his steed and breathless his errand, the age of chivalry passes and chivalry has forever passed, and his deeds are a common-place in his story. Alas, for the poet or the romancer finds now no fit subjects for his pen, save those which he himself describes evasion."

The old clergyman looked up from the sermon he was writing, and gazed long at his favorite nephew, solid entombments running from his eyes. But he did not speak. After dinner, however, he sent the young man to accompany him on his pastoral visits. From house to house they went, the pastor everywhere received with the fervent welcome, for he was known and loved by all his people; and when they came to Ivy Lodge, a house, very humble and poor, where a pale woman, and of speech and gentle of manner, and with the light of peace and faith shining in her face, lay upon the bed, from which she was never to rise again, tended only by a maimed and feeble child.

Here they talked long, and the young man, who had been too much a dreamer and not a doer all his life, and who, living in a world of his own thoughts and fancies, found this poor as real life very wearisome, and had come to loathe of the humdrum visits, at last found his interest aroused.

There was something in the refined manners of the woman, in unfaltering patience of the child him she and not always excepted a sphere so humble. She had been beautiful, and even in the wan face of the child, he saw traces of influences which time and poverty had never but not effaced. He had an artist's love of beauty, and a poet's sensibilities of all that was gentle and graceful.

He was charmed and interested, and some allusions, elicited by the old pastor's conversation, from the lady's lips, confirmed him in what she had a story. He longed to hear it, and no sooner had they left the cottage, than he importuned the pastor to relate it.

That evening, when the two sat at tea in the arbor, the old man told the story of the pale woman who was never to rise again and with forth to look upon the life she loved.

"When I came to Hilton, thirty years ago, Allen Deane was a little child, living with her old nurse in the Deane mansion yonder, near the wood, on the very confines of my parish. She was a fair, sweet child, all rosy and dimpled with dailies if one looked upon her, and full of quaint whyscenes and baby conceits that was the admiration of the two young women who sat in the minister's pew," and here the old man heaved a sigh to the memory of the one and sister has had lost in their youth, and was silent for a moment's space.

"They would have her and her nurse at the parsonage to lunch on each holiday, and I recollect as the Deane mansion when they drew in their direction. And, after a time, they began to bring her child home to the parsonage, but she would remain for days, making the old house bright and genial with her merry laughter and merry voice. We loved her much, and most of all Angela loved her, who had no children of her own, and took the little motherless creature to her bosom as dear. Your mother loved her almost as well, but she soon married, and went away, and her own household claimed her affections."

"The house seemed lonely when she had gone, and we had Allen with us almost constantly, for Captain Deane was grateful to us for our care and love for his motherless child, and gladly gave his consent. She was a happy child, though she had no playmates except those of her young brother and Harry Grey, her nurse's son, who suited to Captain Deane's wishes to come home from their voyages. Then the three woke the echoes of house, and made the old place merry with their youthful mirth.

"How fond and proud were both the boys of Allen! How they delighted in bringing her gifts from foreign lands, till the rooms she occupied, here and at home, were more like an museum than a young lady's bower!

"And so the years were on, and Allen, petted and loved of all, knew no sorrow save that of parting with a her father and brother when they went to sea.

"Angela, true wife, kind friend, the best friend the orphan girl ever had, died, and there was sorrow in many houses when her gentle worth was known, and bitter grief and despair with those who knew her best.

"Allen's grief was almost more than she could bear. Her father's ship came into port, but the gallant seaman who had commanded her vessel for years, no longer led her decks. He had sickened and died during the voyage, and been buried beneath the waters at the sea he loved as well.

"Then the brother married a foreign lady, who would not leave her home and friends, and Deane mansion seldom saw him. He commanded his father's ship, but only remained in port long enough to exchange cargoes and refit, making hurried visits to his sister, whose guardian he was, and apparently well pleased when Harry Grey took to coasting and was often at Deane to look after his mother, and to fulfill the charge of Allen's kinsman, which he had accepted.

"Harry was when love greater than their childish affection grew up between these two, I cannot tell; but that they loved each other I had known for some time, when Allen came to me one morning, smiling and dimpled, to hide her blushes on my arm, as she leaned against me as she had learned to do in her babyhood, and told me that she had promised to be the wife of Harry Grey one day when fortunes had smiled upon him. There was a sore pang in my heart as I thought of my lost daughter, and I kissed Allen, and spoke all the words she would have me hear.

"After that, lonely as her life was, with only Mrs. Gray and the old servants for companions in the large house, she was no guest at my hospitable board, and I saw the long-long day for very joy. Her governess had finished her work and left her, and she had no friend save me and those humble ones, and her books and musical instruments. I, too, was the surer now a welcomed moment for the next three years.

"During this time her brother had brought his wife and two pretty children to pay her a visit, and Allen, ever generous, and with a tender heart, had given her all her own pretty toys, and left her little pets. There is no public justice in such a destiny."

"But one morning, at the end of this time, tidings came to me that Deane had been burned during the night just passed, and with them a vague rumor of some heroic deed of the child's. As soon as I had eaten my hurried morning meal, I was on my way thither.

"Half way a messenger from Allen met me, bearing a note from her asking me if she might seek the shelter of the parsonage, with Mrs. Gray, who was ill from terror and some slight injuries she had received. Not a word did the note contain of the child, but I knew instinctively that in which it was written told the tale of her heroic self-devotion. And it was with a thrill that I learned how, when the bravest men in the village, including the leading doctor, would have left the burning old woman to a fiery death, Allen, unaided, and with her strength excited and added round her head, and the flames licking the walls around her, had succeeded and safely sought and borne through all, she injuries from all this, and had herself been badly singed, and many a hideous burn, were the marks of her bravery. Her own room was gone, herself until the old woman had been nursed back to health.

"Allen remained with me until Deane was rebuilt. She had not long returned to it, for Mrs. Gray was ill, and Allen was the only lady quite strong. Soon after his mother's death Harry Grey had left the sea, and his visits to Deane were more and more frequent, and Allen had no other friend than him, save her old nurse and the mansion; and Harry, like all enthusiastic, had a romantic love for the beautiful and the kingdom at his lady's feet.

"Knowing Allen came to me, but oftener she was solitary in the old house by the sea. She was no longer a child, but a young lady, and was lightly upon her head.

"After receiving her brother and his invalid wife, for whom the voyage and change of air had been prescribed, Allen, for a time, only watched the bounds, and day by day she went down to the beach to look for the coming of Harry's form the nearest seaport stopped. But he was not there, and she went back to the house from a few survivors, a sad tale of shipwreck, and even then children of the sea were lost.

"The gay message of her lost ones to her bed been to bring home and care for the children of the sea, and Allen was left alone at home.

"A year later Allen had brought the children to Deane, and she told me her life work had been given to them. Her own life was henceforth to fulfill the duties of the parents they had lost, and she was content. She was, indeed, a pleasant and confidant she was, and yet with a fine and gentle sensibility and respect and reverence were blended with their love, and Angela's child was a beautiful discourse with sinless pride. What a joy and consolation these children must be to her, and yet she little knew that for them the widest struggle of life was to be fought.

"Harry had made his 'fortune' at last, and he wished to be rich for the sake of the girl he promised, in the far-off land he called his home. But alas, how was she to dispose of her precious treasure? Her own heart spoke, but, should she take them to a new home, where no welcome might meet her? If she left them, she had right to burden Harry with the life-task that he hoped to accomplish for the happiness of her who she asked for delay, existing fresh reasons that she could not combat, and so it was that they are proverbially unreasonable, and Harry was on the wrong side for rule. Bitter words and unjust accusations came back to her. Coldness and estrangement followed. But Allen's love was plain, and so she bore, as best she might, the cruel words, knowing ever shining in the perfume of her undying love, and waiting patiently for the time when Harry's heart should be chastened, and the happiness of her life possible.

"Of the three children, the two elder were sons, and the younger a daughter, named after ours. For seven years she waited and tended them, and in all those years she received no line from Harry. At last she was told that her son had been lost at sea, and was one of the victims of the West Indies. Turning all her property into money, and leaving the old home to the care of a kinsman, she left her children in charge of the governess in the English boarding ground at Havana, the same mansion where Allen had been educated.

"On board the ship, in a sea and sickly men, prostrated by yellow fever, Allen was constituted her long silent lover. All was explained between them. He was returning with a fortune, wealth, to find a home in his own land, and when he had completed the task of his life, and long turned to despair, Allen did not say him nay. Once more happiness seemed near at hand. Allen, the faithful one, was to be worthy reward for all she had suffered and wrought.

"The vessel, a heavy sailer, was caught in the edge of a stormy-spirit night, the ship was wrecked. Few were the survivors, and those among them were Harry and the child, was due to Allen alone. All else she had lost, except the life-chance and God was know. But she wrapped her loved ones in her mantle, and with her own hands helped to lash them to the ice rigging, before she could place herself upon the ice-like chance of safety.

"In the morning the shattered pieces of the wreck were washed ashore, and with them came the bodies of the unfortunate. But Allen, by friendly hands, Alice forgot her own sufferings in ministering to those of others.

"Harry was among the dead. But Harry came only to lie upon a couch of pomfret and suffering, and to linger for months before death came to release him. His fidelity to Allen was his only virtue. He had run through all, vibrating between his bed and that on which the child you now look so very stretched, hopelessly maimed, and struggling feebly for the almost extinguished spark of life.

"The child recovered, but Harry died; and when all was over, Allen sank under the sufferings she had so long hidden. They had lost all Harry's wealth in the wreck, and Allen had nothing now but Deane. And the old house had to be sold to furnish means to pay the expenses of that long period of illness.

"So when Allen by down upon the bed, from which she was never more to rise, it was in the poor cottage in which you see her, and with the knowledge that but a slender pittance lay between her and absolute beggary. And yet, amid all this, there was a sore pang as my heart as I thought of my lost daughter, and blessed Allen, and spoke all the words she would have hear.

"After that, lonely as her life was, with only Mrs. Gray and the old servants for companions in the large house, she was no guest at my hospitable board, and I saw the long-long day for very joy. Her governess had finished her work and left her, and she had no friend save me and those humble ones, and her books and musical instruments. I, too, was the surer now a welcomed moment for the next three years.

"During this time her brother had brought his wife and two pretty children to pay her a visit, and Allen, ever generous, and with a tender heart, had given all her own pretty toys, and left her little pets. There is no public justice in such a destiny."

"But one morning, at the end of this time, tidings came to me that Deane had been burned during the night just passed, and with them a vague rumor of some heroic deed of the child's. As soon as I had eaten my hurried morning meal, I was on my way thither.

"Half way a messenger from Allen met me, bearing a note from her asking me if she might seek the shelter of the parsonage, with Mrs. Gray, who was ill from terror and some slight injuries she had received. Not a word did the note contain of the child, but I knew instinctively that in which it was written told the tale of her heroic self-devotion. And it was with a thrill that I learned how, when the bravest men in the village, including the leading doctor, would have left the burning old woman to a fiery death, Allen, unaided, and with her strength excited and added round her head, and the flames licking the walls around her, had succeeded and safely sought and borne through all, she injuries from all this, and had herself been badly singed, and many a hideous burn, were the marks of her bravery. Her own room was gone, herself until the old woman had been nursed back to health.

"Allen remained with me until Deane was rebuilt. She had not long returned to it, for Mrs. Gray was ill, and Allen was the only lady quite strong. Soon after his mother's death Harry Grey had left the sea, and his visits to Deane were more and more frequent, and Allen had no other friend than him, save her old nurse and the mansion; and Harry, like all enthusiastic, had a romantic love for the beautiful and the kingdom at his lady's feet.

"Knowing Allen came to me, but oftener she was solitary in the old house by the sea. She was no longer a child, but a young lady, and was lightly upon her head.

"After receiving her brother and his invalid wife, for whom the voyage and change of air had been prescribed, Allen, for a time, only watched the bounds, and day by day she went down to the beach to look for the coming of Harry's form the nearest seaport stopped. But he was not there, and she went back to the house from a few survivors, a sad tale of shipwreck, and even then children of the sea were lost.

"The gay message of her lost ones to her bed been to bring home and care for the children of the sea, and Allen was left alone at home.

"A year later Allen had brought the children to Deane, and she told me her life work had been given to them. Her own life was henceforth to fulfill the duties of the parents they had lost, and she was content. She was, indeed, a pleasant and confidant she was, and yet with a fine and gentle sensibility and respect and reverence were blended with their love, and Angela's child was a beautiful discourse with sinless pride. What a joy and consolation these children must be to her, and yet she little knew that for them the widest struggle of life was to be fought.

"Harry had made his 'fortune' at last, and he wished to be rich for the sake of the girl he promised, in the far-off land he called his home. But alas, how was she to dispose of her precious treasure? Her own heart spoke, but, should she take them to a new home, where no welcome might meet her? If she left them, she had right to burden Harry with the life-task that he hoped to accomplish for the happiness of her who she asked for delay, existing fresh reasons that she could not combat, and so it was that they are proverbially unreasonable, and Harry was on the wrong side for rule. Bitter words and unjust accusations came back to her. Coldness and estrangement followed. But Allen's love was plain, and so she bore, as best she might, the cruel words, knowing ever shining in the perfume of her undying love, and waiting patiently for the time when Harry's heart should be chastened, and the happiness of her life possible.

"Of the three children, the two elder were sons, and the younger a daughter, named after ours. For seven years she waited and tended them, and in all those years she received no line from Harry. At last she was told that her son had been lost at sea, and was one of the victims of the West Indies. Turning all her property into money, and leaving the old home to the care of a kinsman, she left her children in charge of the governess in the English boarding ground at Havana, the same mansion where Allen had been educated.

"On board the ship, in a sea and sickly men, prostrated by yellow fever, Allen was constituted her long silent lover. All was explained between them. He was returning with a fortune, wealth, to find a home in his own land, and when he had completed the task of his life, and long turned to despair, Allen did not say him nay. Once more happiness seemed near at hand. Allen, the faithful one, was to be worthy reward for all she had suffered and wrought.

"The vessel, a heavy sailer, was caught in the edge of a stormy-spirit night, the ship was wrecked. Few were the survivors, and those among them were Harry and the child, was due to Allen alone. All else she had lost, except the life-chance and God was know. But she wrapped her loved ones in her mantle, and with her own hands helped to lash them to the ice rigging, before she could place herself upon the ice-like chance of safety.

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"So when Allen by down upon the bed, from

A FEARFUL PERIL.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Mr. Carl Steinman visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, and has written a book about his travels, and the following is his narration of a fearful perilous adventure which he and his guide encountered during the journey:

"Having procured horses, I set off, at an early hour, on the morning following my arrival at Reikiavik, in a cold, windy, and disagreeable day. It was an awful depth, and fearfully fatiguing, even with the invigorating effect of a fresh wind, and the glorious prospect which it gave us to the grand and awful centre of all, you find the mountains, covered with perpetual snow, which crowns to the most terrible sublimity—Of at last, when you look down upon the Solfatara, which is this walking world of chaos, you instinctively feel God, with all His terrible majesty, before your miserable frame, to restore you to the life and the world of your fellow-creatures.

"Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to my mind the awful scene which presented itself, as rounded me when as but I stood more than feet above the boiling bed of lava in the very highest peak of the barren Hecla! Six mortal hours it took me to ascend to this spot, and I had been clambering upward from the world of living things, and the very atmosphere which I looked with horror-stricken eyes, seemed to be the darkness and death of the terrible an almost enfolding vapors that rushed from the mouth of the crater.

"Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! Who can or tongue can portray them? Alone, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the yawning mouth of hell, destined to be hurled downward by the next great throe of the mountain!

"Help! help! help! for the love of God, help! I screamed, in the extremity of my awful agony.

"I looked up and around to catch a glimpse of my guide; but he was gone, and I had nothing but the sky and the rocks. Heaven, and I prayed to God, as I had never prayed before, for the deliverance of my soul, that He would not follow me to judgment. It might be a second, I suppose in which I lived a life time, for I should think have to undergo a living death; but to me that hour or short, I felt that I was no escape from a doom that even now makes me shudder to remember it. A thing of it, I! Above me was a clear blue sky—beneath me, a fearful and horrible orgies—around me, glowing vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling in the mountain's bowels, and occasional convulsion might occur at any moment, and nowhere was there the least of me. Hence I knew that I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcano Hecla. I thought of my friends and deplored to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move the mountain. There I was, fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting, a thing of mercy! what a fate!

"Suddenly I heard a shout; and looking down, I saw my guide, who, as I afterward describe, my faithful guide hastening down the mountain side of the crater to my relief. I was held in terror at the first alarming demonstration, but I soon recognized my friend, and I was relieved by risking his life for mine. May God reward him for his generosity!

"I warned you, master," he said, as he came up to me, "that you would be safe while I was by; and his whole countenance expressing compassion and terror and pity.

"You did! you did! cried I; 'but oh for give your rashness!'

"You are already forgiven, master, and will save you if I can—see you safe to the bottom!

"Instantly he set to work with his iron, relieved me, and broke the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made my progress, when I heard a terrible noise, and looking around, I saw of them rolling down into the yawning mouth of the crater. As we reached the bottom, a ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I saw that the crater was belching forth its fiery contents, which we had just left.

"And then, without seeming to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached the bottom in safety and, hastening down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who in the most active terror, and before the last safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as well as grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed.

"A few days later, when the long-extinct Hecla was again overwhelming the country round, ing forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of melted lava, I left it, with my fellows and awful scene, thanking God I was alive to tell the story of my wonderful escape from a burning tomb."

SCENES OF LIFE.—Many scenes of life are holy: the early morn, the twilight hour, the stormy night, its rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fane, the mornings rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeing as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—EXPRESSLY FURNISHED FOR THE LEDGER BY MRS. A. PARTRIDGE.

Life is filling the cup and fleeting form. It is the flow on the page, the black on the rose, the form on the wave, the beam on the wind, the smoke on the wind, the arrow in the air.

It is impossible for two persons to harmonize perfectly. They cannot stand side by side, looking in the same direction, so that their hearts shall beat next to one another.

Newspapers used often to be stories. The fashion now is to leave out the story. The facts are described by the editorial, in the same manner as by the fact.

To pass a whole life-time without performing one generous act until the dying hour, is to live like the Tulipot tree, which flowers but once in the last year of its existence.

Love is a strange problem. It is somewhat remarkable that the very verb which expresses coldness, is the one, to definite in sense, if not all languages.

As the motley gleamings of the world passed by, he was prone to look out and learn the quality of beauties and the physiognomy of shadow.

Sometimes a kiss-like-envy may in a too subdivided for comfortable breathing, too low down it is a perfect choke-damp.

Some despotic governments have quite as much reason to be afraid of dead authors as of living ones.

The man whom prosperity makes grateful ever has a simpler power of self-concealment, more eye to see and to hear.

Modesty promotes worth but conceals it, just as blushes show the guests of dark and blue letters.

Write against the abuses of the age, and your zeal must depend on the generosity of a few for your bread; but write against the follies of the age,

Where a boy gets to think himself above parental control, he is not far from the time when he thinks he is his father.

A Boston man has invented a new pocket that he calls "thief-proof." Our people need some change in their pockets.

The object of money is to buy what money can't, and the more there are scientists—and they never can.

If you buy a crying baby's silence by yielding to its wishes, you are causing that baby more evil than you eventually do similar bargains.

Let the heart be kept pure and warm like no children have noses and your-nanks upon it, like a wet pane of glass, they never will like you.

Don't rely for success upon empty praise. The schemer that is not worth a dollar is worth a dollar to the dollar.

Ladies, your feet are not too much over small bones, and the size of the shoe is a great loss to feet over—the best of any sense.

Because a girl has no money boys about her, the infinities is the that of boys of a farher—do not forget it.

Many gain favor because their quality is not known, and lose it when known.

Praise is valuable only when it comes from the right source and time.

It doesn't soon doubtless to live an invalid to be sick, and to be sick, and to be sick to be well.

Whenever you drink, be sure you have your nose shaved.

A man never has the least difficulty in finding out his friends, except when he needs one.

Iron exists in the blood and preserves it; gold exists in the blood and it is the blood.

A bitter parsimony chiller carves at parties but life ever, and is the worst of all.

If you discharge a jest at a friend or a gun at a comrade, be sure you aim well at the mark.

An old man with an aquiline nose wears spectacles on his own level.

Anger is an anger that is as majestic as the flows of Oceanbosom, it is the anger of truth and conscience.

Flattery is a poison in a gold cup, but the gold triumph is a bad one.

The conception of happiness must be imperfect that does not embrace with home, and children.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A Bavarian living in Lancaster, Ohio, had been frequently committed for cruelty to his family, but the commitments had no effect, and he was finally sent to the Penitentiary for the murder of his wife and children. The husband and father then committed suicide in his cell on which he had already dragged the innocent sleeper out, and threw it upon a table, where, over a glass of water, and in the presence of many of the neighbors, who rescued the little sufferer from the horrible fate of her father.

A man living in Third Avenue, who had occasion to be out late on the night of the 29th ult., entering the house and going to his bed-room, discovered a burglar in the act of building the fire from the wood being of a jealous disposition, he at once suspected something wrong, drew a pistol, fired, and killed the unwelcomed guest. The burglar was not the first time he had been known to have visited the house, under the pretense of being consulted by burglars.

A terrible fire, fifteen years of age, who lives in Brooklyn, recently rolled the house with her father and mother's consent, and the next day, on the return of the statutes of the servant girl destroyed with everything of value in the house, and the girl, who had been left in charge before, and who had been left in charge of the house, was locked and dealt with as a common thief.

A farmer in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, was recently robbed of a large sum of money, and a large prize, on which a number of well had been made. The thieves soon found that the loss was not the only thing that the farmer had to complain of, as he returned to his farm, he the well had ever picked had been first put in it by the thieves, and rendered useless.

An old lady, living in South Buffalo, Pa., was standing in the yard of her house, when a bear, for whom a huge and favorite Newfoundland dog playfully gambolled around, fell upon the bear with her sharp fangs, and, as being excited into the house it was found that the bear had been killed by the dog, and that her shoulder dislocated.

A letter has, for years of ago, whose parents reside in Harlem, was delightedly playing, one evening, with a kitten, when, probably with the fun of tormenting him some, and failing accidentally, he stuck the eyes of the kitten out. The mother cat was enraged at the fatal wound.

The quarantine of one of the steamboats from the Rev. Mr. Beauregard, one of the missionaries of the Methodist Church, who was on board the boat waters of the Yellowstone, a short distance from the mouth of the Missouri river. In attending him, they ended the tragedy by committing the unfortunate to the waters.

One night, recently, a man was seen to jump from the bridge, at the foot of Canal, on a visit from Jersey to some relatives at Cold Spring, stayed away from his family, and was found dead in the river. He was traced through wreck, sewage, and snow, several miles, and was found dead in the river.

A woman, who had been married but a short time, and who was a husband's mother still, in Orono, C., was due, a short time since, to look for him, and he, a couple of footprints and well-known overshoes of a man was recognized and buried by the other cowgod.

The eldest inhabitant of Onondaga county, who was a member of the Onondaga tribe of Indians, recently died at the age of one hundred and twenty years.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13 1861.

THE CLUBS OF THE EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING CIRCULAR.—The Clubs of the Editorial and Advertising Circular are now complete for all parts of the country, and ordered regularly, to be sent out every good paper. Does it pay? to say not other money papers to the contrary, and, as a legitimate result, we are circulating a list of names that no combined circulation of any one others.

WE ATTEND the Lecture at the conclusion of the year, or the year for which it is paid, as that if you wish to continue, it will be sent to you without any more solicitation or trouble on the part of the subscriber.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—No commission on travelling agents. If any such pretenders to call on you can put them down as an swindler.

WE CHANGE change the address of a subscriber, unless it gives us the name of the town, or state to which it has been sent.

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THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

In this number of the LEDGER we have the pleasure of printing an admirable article from Mr. EVERETT'S pen on *The Burdens of Public Life*. It is timely and interesting. The contrast which is delicately drawn between the public and the private, must strike every one, and from that the good old times when the office sought the man, and not the man the office, have passed away.

A NEWSPAPER EDUCATION

"Your principle," said a Lecturer to us, in an American in our hearing the other day, "are superficial; their brilliancies, as a general thing, is merely a newspaper hebdomadal." The speaker man from Brooklyn, we presume, and his remarks were true enough. The criticism which is delicately drawn between the public and the private, must strike every one, and from that the good old times when the office sought the man, and not the man the office, have passed away.

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HOW A COUNTRYMAN LOST HIS WATCH.

A young man living in the country, not a hundred miles of New Jersey, while on a recent visit to this city, fell unwittingly into the hands of a most ingenious man of old encountered. The modern ingenuity has not only invented many of the ingenious gulps of friendship, kindly guiding him to certain inconvenience, and extending to him a degree of courtesy not to be misunderstood, but its ingenuity, he had never expected to meet with from the denizens of this city. The old dodges were playful fellows—full of fun and frolic, and he was not unacquainted with their peculiarities and delight in. At last, just after sunset, they lit upon a really fine subject. "Ah, ha!" said they, between themselves." One of them bet the other he could not get a drink of water from the Bowling Green and back in four minutes; the wager being a dozen of champagne for one, and a new hat for their country friend, whose face he would not recognize if he should meet it. As the runner was about to start, he borrowed the countryman's gold watch, in order to know the time passed, and requisite his speed accordingly. The watch was duly given and away sped the Olympian, watch in hand. He did not get to the middle of the first minute. "He has lost the bet, sure enough," said he, "and is on his exhibit, and he'll be back, and I know it." They held on ten minutes, but the runner came not. "I'll go find out," said one, where we were to have the supper; perhaps he's gone right back." And off he started. But he went to the appointed place, but the loser had not been there. Nothing daunted, he ordered the supper, however, and a good one it was. The supper was ended, and the bill paid, and he was to pay for it hadn't come. "*I'll go find him*," said the countryman's friend, "he must be gone for enough," and away he went. Of course he never came back, and they were left to pay for the supper besides losing his watch.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The alchemic finger of Spring has already touched the withered leaves and dead grass into golden wands, that May shall clothe with verdure and flowers. The sparrows are already building out among hat tree's storm-blocked nests, and the robins are hopping about to spread the hardening, and, in short, the annual "green awakening" of Nature has fairly commenced. The waterfowl, after a pleasant winter in the Southern States, are now on their way to the bays and rivers and great inland seas of the North. The pigeons have already returned to us from Central America to the great roosting-places in the forests of the snowy tribute to northern guns at every stage of their journey. The squirrels are out "building;" in the quiet woods, and the brook trout, in the clear streams, are full grey and sneaks, are on their pilgrimage to the cool, shaded, mountain-lakes and rivers, down the rocky hollows, and slip noiselessly through the rapids.

AN EMPEROR MAGNETIZED.

We learn, through a private letter from Paris, that a young man, named Jules Mirès, of Angers, is magnetizing the Emperor NAPOLEON. So absorbed did the Emperor become in his favorite pastime, that he has continued to read on after the minds had fallen asleep, without noticing that the book had passed when she was to notify the Emperor of her readiness to depart. Napoleon, all while, grew impatient at the delay, and finally sent his Secretary to the Empress to inquire why she was "unwilling her pleasure," whereby she was provided for herself, and "to send MISS MORE SINGER" good-bye until she should return.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Seventeen.

THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

It is true that the last number that there is probably no country in which Public Life is so laborious as in our own. There are two principal causes for this, one the compound nature of the system, consisting as it does of the national and State governments, necessary intercourse with each other; the other the entire absence of a governing class and political equality of the citizens.

With a partial exception for Switzerland, which, like ourselves, has a mixed central and a federative system, the government of the United States is the only powerful government in the world which consists of the two elements so closely interwoven for some purposes, and otherwise so entirely independent of each other," the Emperor NAPOLEON, all the great interests of the State centre in the Court,—all the powerful local influences are represented and controlled at the Capitol. It is true that the ministers of state are upon the most confidential, a vast deal of local detail, from which the governments of Europe are entirely relieved, and a practical conduct of government is simplified. The sovereign power, if wisely administered, acts through a regular series of subordinate agents, from the highest to the lowest grades of extremities. In this country, besides the central power, which is the executive, legislative sphere, is a government binding every individual of the people, in the city, in the county, in the house of them, as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, are almost as large as whole European states, the revolutionary timer,—each to certain limits of territory and population. Besides these independent State governments have each in the hands of power, its circle of great men; sometimes the centre of attraction to which all eyes and all means to be forgotten, its State pride. These powerful governments, with the Federal administration, must be transferred to Washington. Each of these has its own capitol, and must be studied, comprehended, and respected by the citizen. It is a very common complaint for those entrusted for the time being with the public affairs, that the administration of them is to be entirely familiar with that system, and must be left to the subordinate agents employed, but they must be equally observant of the movements of the State governments, and of the people of States, the wheels within a wheel of the mighty machine. The complete organization and full activity of governing a Union of States much as it may be in theory, is in practice requiring a great army, if, instead of being one whole, or limited by powers and controlling from one chief through a regular series of subordinate agents, it is a confederation of parts, it was broken up into a group of sections, as New England, the Middle Columbia, Harrisburgh, Boston and Columbus in the Middle States, and Richmond and Washington.

This is, of course, unnecessary to say, that I mention this as a characteristic, not as a defect. It is the system under which we have grown up, and, in spite times, certainly is, one of the most powerful governments in the world, capable of carrying a Union of States much as it may be in theory, is in practice requiring a great army, if, instead of being one whole, or limited by powers and controlling from one chief through a regular series of subordinate agents, it is a confederation of parts, it was broken up into a group of sections, as New England, the Middle Columbia, Harrisburgh, Boston and Columbus in the Middle States, and Richmond and Washington.

But a greater practical difficulty springs from the absence of a governing class, and political equality of the citizens. The number that there is probably no country in which Public Life is so laborious as in our own. There are two principal causes for this, one the compound nature of the system, consisting as it does of the national and State governments, necessary intercourse with each other; the other the entire absence of a governing class and political equality of the citizens.

With a partial exception for Switzerland, which, like ourselves, has a mixed central and a federative system, the government of the United States is the only powerful government in the world which consists of the two elements so closely interwoven for some purposes, and otherwise so entirely independent of each other," the Emperor NAPOLEON, all the great interests of the State centre in the Court,—all the powerful local influences are represented and controlled at the Capitol. It is true that the ministers of state are upon the most confidential, a vast deal of local detail, from which the governments of Europe are entirely relieved, and a practical conduct of government is simplified. The sovereign power, if wisely administered, acts through a regular series of subordinate agents, from the highest to the lowest grades of extremities. In this country, besides the central power, which is the executive, legislative sphere, is a government binding every individual of the people, in the city, in the county, in the house of them, as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, are almost as large as whole European states, the revolutionary timer,—each to certain limits of territory and population. Besides these independent State governments have each in the hands of power, its circle of great men; sometimes the centre of attraction to which all eyes and all means to be forgotten, its State pride. These powerful governments, with the Federal administration, must be transferred to Washington. Each of these has its own capitol, and must be studied, comprehended, and respected by the citizen. It is a very common complaint for those entrusted for the time being with the public affairs, that the administration of them is to be entirely familiar with that system, and must be left to the subordinate agents employed, but they must be equally observant of the movements of the State governments, and of the people of States, the wheels within a wheel of the mighty machine. The complete organization and full activity of governing a Union of States much as it may be in theory, is in practice requiring a great army, if, instead of being one whole, or limited by powers and controlling from one chief through a regular series of subordinate agents, it is a confederation of parts, it was broken up into a group of sections, as New England, the Middle Columbia, Harrisburgh, Boston and Columbus in the Middle States, and Richmond and Washington.

But a greater practical difficulty springs from the absence of a governing class, and political equality of the citizens. But a greater practical difficulty springs from the absence of a governing class, and political equality of the citizens. The number that there is probably no country in which Public Life is so laborious as in our own. There are two principal causes for this, one the compound nature of the system, consisting as it does of the national and State governments, necessary intercourse with each other; the other the entire absence of a governing class and political equality of the citizens.

With a partial exception for Switzerland, which, like ourselves, has a mixed central and a federative system, the government of the United States is the only powerful government in the world which consists of the two elements so closely interwoven for some purposes, and otherwise so entirely independent of each other," the Emperor NAPOLEON, all the great interests of the State centre in the Court,—all the powerful local influences are represented and controlled at the Capitol. It is true that the ministers of state are upon the most confidential, a vast deal of local detail, from which the governments of Europe are entirely relieved, and a practical conduct of government is simplified. The sovereign power, if wisely administered, acts through a regular series of subordinate agents, from the highest to the lowest grades of extremities. In this country, besides the central power, which is the executive, legislative sphere, is a government binding every individual of the people, in the city, in the county, in the house of them, as New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, are almost as large as whole European states, the revolutionary timer,—each to certain limits of territory and population. Besides these independent State governments have each in the hands of power, its circle of great men; sometimes the centre of attraction to which all eyes and all means to be forgotten, its State pride. These powerful governments, with the Federal administration, must be transferred to Washington. Each of these has its own capitol, and must be studied, comprehended, and respected by the citizen. It is a very common complaint for those entrusted for the time being with the public affairs, that the administration of them is to be entirely familiar with that system, and must be left to the subordinate agents employed, but they must be equally observant of the movements of the State governments, and of the people of States, the wheels within a wheel of the mighty machine. The complete organization and full activity of governing a Union of States much as it may be in theory, is in practice requiring a great army, if, instead of being one whole, or limited by powers and controlling from one chief through a regular series of subordinate agents, it is a confederation of parts, it was broken up into a group of sections, as New England, the Middle Columbia, Harrisburgh, Boston and Columbus in the Middle States, and Richmond and Washington.

The imperial statesmen of our political history, and that is of course the case of parties. The consequence has got to be, that precisely at the time when the country most needs the services of its ablest men, they are the least willing to take part in the public affairs. The consequence has got to be, that precisely at the time when the country most needs the services of its ablest men, they are the least willing to take part in the public affairs.

Not a few of the ablest men of the country, those brilliant wizards of science as to be distributed abroad, and the mighty army of officeholders thrown upon Washington. A past President of the United States, who had filled the first station in the country, who was invited by the Secretary of State, to accept the office of Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic," General Washington's marginal note against this sentence is: "After several attempts had been made to obtain a more eligible character." When Edmund Randolph resigned the office of Secretary of State in 1795, General Washington first offered it to Mr. Justice Patterson of New Jersey, who declined it, then to Judge Supreme Court, who declined it. The President then offered the place, by a private letter written by himself, to Governor Johnson of Maryland. He also declined the office, saying that "without affectation", he did not think he could be a match to the office of Secretary." This place was next offered to General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, who was appointed by the state of his private affairs. General Washington also addressed a letter to Governor Henry, making a tender of the office to him, in which he says: "Should you, Sir, accept the office of Secretary of War, who had filled the Department of State ad interim, was appointed Secretary.

Chief Justice Marshall in 1796, being then forty years of age, refused the office of Attorney General, on the ground that it would interfere with his professional pursuits. He also declined the mission to France, when offered to him by President Washington. In 1797 he accepted at President Adams the place of Joint Envoy to France, with Pinckney and Gerry, says, he "is a plain, very sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in his profession." He was appointed Chief Justice in 1798, he was in the following year offered a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which he declined. Having thus in four years refused three of the most eminent offices under the government, in the course of 1799 and 1800, he consented to fill the utmost personal sacrifice, the station of Secretary of War, and by the appointment of President Adams while the office of high standing, exceptionally sensible, cautious, guarded, and learned in his profession." Chief Justice Marshall, says Mr. Adams, speaking of him at that time, in a letter to

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY MARY FORREST.

A tender and tuberous robe,
A nugh like a tarnished rill,
A soft limb based on my shoulder,
A head that lies heavy and still;
Eyes filled with luminous blindness,
Drowning the lineament used,
And waving her sad to the surface,
As blades from the withered seed—
What is the sunshine is silent and watered,
And darkest the steering mold—
Are laved into delicate tendrils
To bend in the steeals of gold;
And I know that she standeth beside me,
Who, for many and many a year,
Has brought from a babbling fountain
My beaker of daily cheer;
And I lay my two hands in the sunbeams
That play on her loaded head,
And I bless her for all the years she bore her
With a blessing beyond my power
To teach her to love in the tempest,
And smile up in the face of the storm:
To keep her brow fair from the shadow,
Her mouth's sweet dewy and warm,
And if ever in feminine gloom
She should flash into one in a dream,
And fondest her lips at a fountain
That welled from a bitter stream,
May the angel to whom it is given
To keep the dial of her time,
Bring the cup of cold water that ever
Her hand to the sorrowful gave!

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "LOLA MONTEZ," "CONCERNING MY NEIGHBORS," "HELL BENNETT," "THE VAN VALDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Six months went by; autumn gave place to winter, and winter to spring, and Mrs. Sisserly remained unrivaled by her younger cousins and by her stranger connections.

She had been differentiated from the dread of long years, and her spirits rose in proportion to the weight of which they had been relieved.

She had been in regard to the appalling deed which, by her agency, she had committed, excepting that it might, by mere means, fall short of its intended consummation. Her hatred of Ethel had always been equal to her fear of him, and her triumph now surpassed both. She deserved death—that she had a right to be judge and executioner, to protect her own interests—these horrible reflections she seemed with entire complacency, and without a tinge of remorse.

Remorse? Nay, she gloried in her act, and in the perfect impunity with which it had been committed, and which, she felt certain, was forever secured to her.

Heok, enriched by his crime, was sent to reside in a genteel boarding house, at a great distance from the city, and Blase had in no way actively participated in the deed. He had neither seen him since the night of the murder, and if the former should ever escape and return to New York, there was no one whom he could challenge as the author of his wrongs. If he had been guilty of a crime in the public streets, or had been impressed as a sailor by an unprincipled sea captain, Mrs. Sisserly could not be blamed for that.

She believed that in the event of his return, Hazel would rest suspect her of complicity in the deed by which he had suffered, or if he did, that in the absence of all proof, he would not accuse her of it, nor in any way in which he remember than he had been before.

With these views, then, she more especially with the confident belief that her tormentor would never return, Mrs. Sisserly had become almost, if not quite, a happy woman.

Quite happy she seemed, and she would talk of the change which had come upon her. She grew younger and handsomer, so said her flatterers, whose name was legion, and the genial, lady found it easy to give them credence.

Mr. Blase had been disappointed in his hopes of a speedy consent by Evelyn to his overtures of marriage, but he continued to receive the most positive assurances from her father that she would and should accept him.

He had been so liberally rewarded for his share in the recent abduction, that the matrimonial scheme was not peculiarly quite so essential to him as it had before contributed to.

Still it was highly desirable as a financial operation, and aside from the business view of the matter, he really wished to have Evelyn for his wife. She was young, handsome and attractive, more so, perhaps, in Blase's opinion, as he persistently repelled all his advances.

What the unfortunate young lady's condition was may well be imagined. Urged to this hated alliance by the daily importunities of her father, by all the allurements of future wealth and position, by the alternatives of which were poverty, the severance that in no event should she be allowed to marry the man of her choice; exposed daily to the not over delicate address of Mr. Blase, whom often she could scarce avoid meeting alone, Evelyn became well nigh distracted, and was haunted by the dread that she might, in some hour of weakness, yield to her persecutors, for the sake of gaining that peace which was now denied her.

She no longer saw Mr. Lynde; her school days were ended, and she suspected they had been prematurely terminated for the sole purpose of debarring her from the occasional interviews with her lover which they afforded.

Both, we said, now here nearly ruined at the bar, and by no means lumped into that professional eminence which he had so fondly anticipated.

Like other eager aspirants for forensic honors, he found that the hill of Fame was steep and rugged, and crowded with jostling competitors. Of these, indeed, he knew that the most formidable was Mr. Sisserly, by the possession of ease and pleasure, and that it would be left to the struggling, the resolute penniless, and the diligent hand to succeed. Yet it was a long, hard road, and before it could be won, he feared that the prize for which he struggled would be lost to him. What wealth and honors were to be his, if he could not lay them at Evelyn's feet?

Yet Mr. Lynde had done something towards laying the foundation of a professional career, and might in his progress succeed, though he had already won the reputation, among legal men, of a diligent student, a good judge of law, and an eloquent speaker.

That he would become an able and powerful advocate seemed every way probable, but then for he had not yet attained enough to obviate the management of any causes of sufficient magnitude to give his ability a fair test.

The senior Mr. Lynde, it has been said, was not a man of property, yet he had possessed a sufficient income to justify him in giving his only son a liberal education, and even the advantage of foreign travel. But recent misfortunes, involving thoughtless of his health, had deprived him of the power to afford further assistance to Seth, who continued, indeed, to be a member of his father's family, but was obliged to contribute the whole of his slender income to the general support.

Not grudgingly was this done, for Seth belonged to that generous class of men who seem always to consider their friends' interests before their own, and he was most warmly attached to his parents, and to the two sisters who, with himself, formed the whole of the little family.

While the young man struggled on, and looked hopefully for a better state of affairs, they grew regularly worse.

His father's incapacity and his own consequent burdens daily increased, until at times the weight of the responsibility and the loneliness of his prospects overcame all his natural cheerfulness, and rendered him a prey to the most corroding anxiety.

Such, however, was but an exceptional state of mind with Seth, whose active habits and exquisite temperament were generally proof against unhealthy.

He knew that there was no antidote against "the blues" like industry, and when he had decided himself behind a little table which he had provided, forming out authorities on some recondite legal question, he felt that he could bid defiance to the dark and dangerous host of ennui that ever swarmed above the head of a brainless lawyer.

He seldom saw Evelyn, and when, after long intervals, they met, she had no encouragement to offer him in relation to his suit, beyond that of her own steadfast fidelity.

She did not tell him of the persecution to which she was subjected, for this she knew would needlessly augment his unhappiness with out relieving hers.

Miss Sisserly was now nearly eighteen years of age, and as the day which marked the fulfillment of that epoch approached, she found herself subjected to new and more importunate solicitations to consent to a marriage with Mr. Blase and to allow the time for that important event to be fixed.

Mrs. Sisserly condescended to add her entreaties to those of her husband and Simon, and she was able to hold out such glittering allurements as to dazzle and confuse the unfortunate step-daughter's mind. The father added his peremptory commands, and Evelyn, left to her blanchimness which could emanate from a man whose breath was habitually tainted with the odors of brandy, while poor Evelyn had no one to strengthen her resolutions, or to help her combat the arguments and persuasions which daily beset her.

"You have wealth and position offered you," said her father; "the prize which many must fight and sigh after for a life time in vain, you wish to fling away."

It was true that Evelyn urged with tears that she did not, and could not, love Mr. Blase; that the thought in their sight was one of horror, that even that was the least of her objections to the marriage, was she told, in every way repugnant to her.

"You will learn to conquer this dislike," her father replied; "the strongest attachments often follow these unreasonable prejudices, and as to the difference of age, it is by no means so considerable as to constitute a serious objection. It is my duty to look after your welfare, Evelyn, and you may be sure that you shall not be allowed to thwart so excellent a plan for your advancement. The sooner you make up your mind to this the better. If you will not name the day for your marriage, we will decide upon it for you. It shall be private if you prefer, but married you must be. This is my decision, and I have the right to enforce it."

The distracted girl did not reply; she scarcely had the presence of mind to do so, for the words left her immediately after this authoritative announcement.

CHAPTER XXI.

During the two months that Hope Evelyn was undisturbed by further allusion to the painful subject, her father continued to urge it in the daily expectation of her capitulation. On the third day an incident occurred which caused a diversion in the general attention from this to a very different topic.

Evelyn had waited out in the afternoon, chiefly by to obtain that refreshment which exercise in the open air never fails to give to the pure and the wearied mind; but she had also some purchases to make, and was about to leave the house into that great and endless bazaar—Broadway.

As she was about to cross that great thoroughfare, her attention was arrested by a very ragged little boy, who, with the stamp of a broom in one hand, put out the other towards her, in the accustomed mode of soliciting toll for crossing his well cleaned walk. She hastily dropped some pennies into his hand, carefully avoiding contact with his ragged sleeve, and then he looked up to thank her, she started backwards, the one who had received an electric shock, and gazed with a mixture of wonder and sorrow into the face of the surprised boy. He was about her own size and striking a resemblance to her lost brother, that her heart was suddenly flooded with fond memories of the past, and then with the more painful recollections of his sad fate, and of her own long and bitter grief.

She looked again, not doubting that her imagination had done much towards aiding in the resemblance; but every separate feature, as she pursued it, seemed to appeal to her memory with increasing force, until, fairly trembling with the intensity of her emotion, she clung to the iron lamp post for support, and with hurried voice asked the lad his name.

"Edward Woldover, ma'am," was the reply.

His voice, sounding like some loved virginia music, awakened new hopes in her heart, now thrilling with the most tumultuous emotion, and she scarcely heeded at first that the name which she gave was known to her ear.

"What did you say?" she asked falsely.

"Edward Woldover, if you please, ma'am."

She repeated the name to herself upon her heart, and which had well nigh overpowered her reason, was momentarily regained by the effort, but as she continued to gaze upon the child and to recall his familiar voice, it returned with unabated intensity.

"Have you any other name?" she said earnestly. "Did you ever have any other name?"

"Oh yes—ma'am—my first name is Herbert."

"Herbert! Herbert! Oh Merciful Father!" exclaimed the young lady in whispered accents, as she raised her tear filled eyes to Heaven. "Help me to bear this load of bliss."

Then stooping to the amazed child she seized his hand and said with choked utterance—

"Another! Another! You have yet another name?"

"Yes—ma'am."

EVELYN'S MISTAKE.

"What is it? Speak quickly! What is your other name?"

"I have forgotten ma'am," replied the boy—now evidently frightened.

"Oh, my brother, my child, Herbert; do not be frightened; come now with me to the other side of the walk. Never mind the people; here—here is money for you."

The lad had seemed unwilling to lose his claim upon the many pedestrians who were making the transit over his well swept path—but delighted by the silver which Evelyn now put into his hands, he readily went with her to a more retired spot; while many a passer looked back at the oddly contrasted pair.

"Now, Herbert," said Evelyn eagerly, "tell me quickly, do you not sometimes remember that you once had a name but a little than you have two?"

"Oh yes," said the lad. "I used to remember it; but it's a long time since I've thought about that; before it's like—my—or something—I like that. Why what do you know about it?"

No one was to mistake her excited question, Evelyn threw her arms around the ragged child and drew him for in one hasty, fond embrace.

"You are my brother, Herbert," she said, as the tears now flowed down her glowing cheeks, "and yet not my brother. Do you not remember that you once had a sister?"

"Oh yes—oh yes—a long time ago—oh I have forgotten her now for often. Can you take me for her?"

"I am Evelyn Herbert. Look, look at me—look at your sister Evelyn."

The lad looked at her as bidden and tattered garments—as his muddy broom, and then at the well dressed lady who had given him such unexpected amount, and although his flushed cheeks and now tearful eyes showed that he was glad to see her, he dare to express it in words.

"I am glad to see you, Ma'am," he said politely; "very poor—I can't be your brother any more."

"I—I am your brother, Herbert. Look, look at me—you have not yet been changed; but I am your sister Evelyn."

The lad looked at her as bidden and tattered garments—as his muddy broom, and then at the well dressed lady who had given him such unexpected amount, and although his flushed cheeks and now tearful eyes showed that he was glad to see her, he dare to express it in words.

"I am glad to see you, Ma'am," he said politely; "very poor—I can't be your brother any more."

"Yes, sir, I think I ought to—oh, yes, sir—come along, my man."

With many protestations and some threats, the prisoner submitted to his destiny; and the stranger, who had given his name as Maldee, turned to another policeman (for there were about a dozen of them by this time among the momentarily increasing crowd), and requested him to call a carriage.

When it came, the two ladies, the boy and himself got in and drove off, leaving an excited crowd discussing the affair, and their recreant diversity of opinion as to what had taken place with equally juvenile in ingenuous assemblages of the kind.

Evelyn had given Mr. Maldee her father's address, and the hackman had been instructed to drive directly there; but as the distance was not great, she had scarcely time to compose her feelings sufficiently to speak even thanks to the strangers who had placed her under such great obligations.

Mr. Maldee and his lady declined Evelyn's invitation to accompany her into the house and receive the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Sisserly for their kindness, the lady suggesting that the interview between the parties and their recovered child would be too moved to be witnessed by strangers.

CHAPTER XXII.

What language shall portray the emotions with which Evelyn Sisserly approached the door of her father's home, leading by the hand the lost boy, for whom the symbols of mourning had long been worn by his relatives, and had even been long ago laid aside?

It did not occur to her, until she was about to ring the door bell, that she ought not thus abruptly to introduce into the presence of Mrs. Sisserly one, who, if recognized at all, would seem to her like one risen from the dead. She mentioned her misgivings to the coachman as the intensity of her own, and fearing the shock which the sudden meeting might occasion her, she resolved to prevent it until she could, in some way, prepare her for the extraordinary interview.

There was another embarrassment attendant upon her position, arising from the painful attitude in which the good servant had offended parents, and from the fear that, to ease of them at least, the news of Herbert's return would be by no means a welcome piece of intelligence.

The servant who arrived in time to answer the summons of the door-bell was a woman who had lived in the family before the two—who Evelyn believed, would instantly recognize him, but who was no stranger to the art of concealing or smuggling him in, to be kept *perdu* until after the tidings could be gradually revealed to the household.

In this painful state of mind, Miss Sisserly, leading her brother by the recent tattered garments, stood for a few minutes, and then rapidly determined that the best course for the present by the hand, but holding his follow her at a little distance.

She would have taken him directly to Mrs. Sisserly, but in the course the unpleasant scenes existed which had deterred her from entering the step-mother's house, and with greater force, for Aunt Ally was in a feeble state of health, and had been ever since the child's loss. Without due reflection the distressed girl decided upon a course, which, in calmer moments, she would probably not have dared to adopt.

She led the boy, still clinging to the sort street to, and but a few blocks distant from the Seminary which Evelyn herself attended.

Thoroughly frayed and dirtied sensations in this rebulve, had been a matter of agreeable surprise to the young lady, for Mr. Maldee, on the making of my other attentions which had drawn him towards the unknown stranger, but she did Evelyn knew anything else of Mrs. Gale excepting the latter's reputation as a friend in a certain house which Mr. Lynde had pointed out to her, and that she was a widow lady, who had never known her; yes she resolved to go to her with Herbert for the present, assured that she did not know where else to go. She did not dare to take the ragged boy by any of her acquaintances, and to her parents; but this lady lived in a small, plain house in a retired part of the charmed city, where She judged her by her residence and, perhaps, by her appearance, was not wealthy, was no harm; it would only be for an hour or two; she would not meet Seth; and her friends would not see her return with the boy. It was all right; (rather think she did), her great state of excitement prevented her reason.

They crossed the park on their way to this destination, Evelyn pausing at a florist's shop for her little follower to cause up.

She could not but wonder with the thought that she might *possibly* be mistaken; her bliss was too great, and her self-control momentarily required to refresh her faith by looking upon Herbert's features become burning by the sun.

With difficulty refraining from again embracing the child—she stopped at a toy shop, and said to him—

"Do not you remember this place, Herbert? Have you been here?"

But the child's eyes were fixed upon Evelyn with an intent scrutiny, and he did not look upon the green or the fountain.

"*You are Evy?*" he said, "I remember it all; that used to be your name, and you are changed—this way you used to go to school—but—*I* am changed, and you know me."

"Yes—yes, yes, Herbert, why do you say so?"

"Because you have not called me by my name unless I can find Mr. Woldover; I am very sorry I have lost it."

Overcome with emotion Evelyn did not trust herself to speak, but stooping, she kissed the child—

"Come on! Come on!"

"Where are we going, ma'am," added the boy, looking back in a thoughtful way, as they passed out into the park, "to get my ragged—this way you used to go to school—but *I—I* am changed, and you know me."

"Yes—yes, Herbert, why do you say so?"

"Because you have not called me by my name unless I can find Mr. Woldover; I am very sorry I have lost it."

Overcome with emotion Evelyn did not trust herself to speak, but stooping, she kissed the child—

"Come on! Come on!"

"Where are we going, ma'am," added the boy, looking back in a thoughtful way, as they passed out into the park, "to get my ragged—

"Why do you want to get your ragged?"

"Why, because I must

stopped to kiss Herbert again, and then, while her head upon his head, she went on, warmed by excitement into forgetfulness of her fears as to Mrs. Gale's sympathy or assistance: "This little boy is my brother, ma'am, or rather he is my father's step-son, and he is as dear to me as a brother."

"Yes," was the curt reply, with a look which said, as plainly as look could say: "I do not see how I am interested in this."

He has been less for years—we believed him dead; and I have just found him."

"Oh, indeed!" was the calm reply. "Why don't you take him home?"

Vexed at the woman's want of feeling Evelyn hastily explained her reasons for not taking the child directly home, and was met by the equally ominous like question:

"Why did you bring him here?"

The prompt lady hesitated, but after a short pause, added

"I felt almost as if you were an acquaintance of ours, Ma'am, your nephew has so often spoken of you, and I thought I might take the liberty——"

"Oh, my nephew?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Evelyn, who could not force her lips to pronounce her lover's name.

"It's very strange—I do not know. As to my nephew, I must say I know no good of him; nor does my body else, I guess. If he has friend of yours, I guess it's no particular credit to you, and as to this ere boy——"

Evelyn had risen, shocked at this extraordinary language about Ben, from a lady of whom he had so often spoken in terms of affection, and without giving her time to conclude her remarks she said, in low distress:

"Come, Herbert, this is no place for us——"

The boy might have claimed his shoes before he rose in it," said the woman, unsympathy "He has not improved my corpses."

Evelyn's eyes flashed with scorn now; and taking out her purse, she said,

"If Mrs. Gale will be kind enough to tell me the amount of injury done to the carpets, I will remunerate her."

"Mrs. Gale, did you say?"

"Yes—that is your name, I believe," said Evelyn, who in his had remembered the name of Seth's aunt.

"Oh, you sent at all."

"Not Gale? Your name not Gale?"

"No, Miss—my name is Wright. Mrs. Gale lives in the next house."

"I beg your pardon, then; it is a mistake all around, and you were not speaking of Mr Lynde, of course?"

"I know nothing of Mr Lynde."

"I beg your pardon," said Evelyn, very greatly relieved, and putting up her purse. "I am sorry about the carpet—I am sorry that I did not insure that Herbert's shoes were soiled. Pray excuse me."

The sour woman nodded what might be meant for an affirmative response, and Evelyn hastily glutly made her exit.

"I remember now; it was No 37" she said to Herbert, "but these houses are so provoking by alike."

No sooner had she entered Mrs. Gale's parlors than the cheerful aspect of everything around her contrasting so strongly with the cold, formal, sombre appearance of the rooms she had just left, convinced her that she should find a prejudging spirit here very different from that which ruled in No. 36.

Mrs. Gale rose. She was a tall, spare lady of fifty, with a spry, girlish air, which in the look of the utmost benignity lighting up a thin, cadaverous face, which had once been beautiful.

There was a smile on her face and a pleased twinkle in her black eyes, as she approached Evelyn, and said:

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, ma'am—this is Mrs. Gale, I believe?"

She was determined to be sure this time.

"Yes, that is my name."

Evelyn proceeded to tell her story—but she had progressed but a little in it before she was interrupted.

"Lord! Sound! Your brother! You have just found him, do you say—after so many years?"

"Within this hour."

"Dear! Dear! Is it possible? Why, the poor little fellow! Why, my poor child! And you, Miss Shirley—how dreadfully you must have suffered, and how very happy you must be," said the a few minutes the two ladies were crying together, while Evelyn was trying, in broken sentences, to tell the reminder of her exciting story.

Mrs. Gale did not ask why Evelyn had brought the boy to her, but the young lady considered it proper to say something on that point.

"I was thinking it strange," she said, "that I first came to you with him—an entire stranger——"

"Oh, no—I am so glad you did; won't we have something to eat? or wait—you must have what can I do for you?"

"If you are very kind," was about to explain. As I have said, I thought it necessary to prepare Mrs. Shirley for this meeting."

"Oh, she will die with joy! I can really afford that word.

"And we had no near neighbors to whom I felt an interest to go——"

"Don't say a word about it; you did perfectly right to come here; I am so glad you did."

"I think you, Mrs. Gale, with my whole heart, and yet, as you were on entire stranger to me——"

"Oh, that don't make any difference——"

"I was going to say——" lighted once more.

"It's of no consequence, Miss Shirley—not the least."

"That my excuse for coming to you——"

"No excuse, my dear—don't make any excuse."

Poor Evelyn could scarcely get a chance to say how she came to know there was such a person as Mrs. Gale; but when at last she managed to mention the name of Mr. Lynde, the delight of the hostess knew no bounds.

"What—Seth Lynde! Do you know our Seth? You don't tin this thing? How delighted he will be! I am sure! And now I do remember that he has dog, sure, some years ago, about a lost child of some acquaintance of his—but no—that could not have been this one, for it turned out that the child was killed by some thing falling on him off a scaffolding—I've often thought about it."

"Oh, yes, that was what they said of Herbert, and it is his parents' acquaintance now, Mrs. Gale; it's the same one."

"Is it possible? They will die with joy. Oh, I really am afraid Mrs. Shirley will die on the spot when you tell her."

"Do you think so?" asked Evelyn, thoughtfully

"I am sure I should. But you must break it to her very gradually. Tell her first there is a rumor of the boy being alive and safe—but that you don't believe it. Something like that—you?"

"Perhaps."

"Seth could do it. He is a lawyer, you know, I wish you would let me send for him. He is so good and sensible. Do let me send for him."

"Not now, if you please," said Evelyn, with an alarmed air, "not till I am gone."

A cloud came over the countenance of the good woman.

"And even then I think it will not do to send him on this errand. No, I must do it myself."

"Well, be very cautious, my dear; and be sure to have a physician at hand, and restoratives, before you breathe a whisper on the subject. She may guess the whole truth at the first hint you give."

Evelyn did not promise full compliance with these injunctions, but she said she would be very careful.

Mrs. Gale, with many apologies for neglect, had ordered some refreshments for the entertainment, for she said' it was impossible to tell how long Evelyn might be detained with her story.

He certainly had a very hungry and weary look; and on being questioned, he said he had broke fasted on a single slice of bread at six o'clock. Evelyn herself was in an equally unfortunate as it was now about three in the afternoon, and he had been all day in the open air, his appetite would probably not require coaxing.

Mrs. Gale had but just dined, and could scarcely eat another morsel; but she said a good meal was very quickly ready for the child, who thirty shouted with joy at the sight of it—and fell to it with such unconsciousness of all around him and, while his friends watched him, and checked his appetite, and conversed together with tears in their eyes, tears of retrospective compassion, but of present pain and heartfelt joy.

When the meal was finished, Herbert was quite enough in countenance; and Evelyn began to imagine how very handsome and natural he would look when his face was washed and his hair quite clean, and he properly and neatly dressed.

Mrs. Gale had but just dined, and could not

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

THE GIPSY I CAUGHT IN THAT GREEN COUNTRY LANE.

[A Scene from the Dramatic Career of a Newspaper Publisher.]

BY G. P. WALLIS.

From the shades of Mount Vernon, if westward you ride,
Ere the hills of Old Fairfax, two hours or so,
At a quick-footed pace, you may spin as you stride
In front of the cottage of Colonel John Rose.
And of its interesting, if small, age he can tell,
In its open verandah within hoots to the East,
Room whilst, between hollies of Christmas berries full red,
You pass to "the woods," through a country lane.

My beautiful gipsy. One day in July,
A brisk thunder shower had swooned in the sky,
And the fair departing clouds, in the magical glow
Of the sun, shone as dazzling as lillies of snow;
And in the blaze of the light, till I gazed on it, blind,
The dove sang its love in the forest, and mine,
My sunbeam in life, to her bosom, and to mine!
The gipsy I caught in that green country lane.

Forth from the old homestead, the home-crystal maid
Had come, on a young maids beauty swayed,
But enclosed in a cage of dried, bamboo-cane slats,
In which all forms appear of the most shapeless class;
But in a sunbeam, and plain reader, guess,
Her lovely arms free, and her curls flowing there,
Parting the tresses (her glint in the sunlight I see),
In the shirt of the wood, at the eve of the lane.

At the end of the lane, on the verge of the wood,
Alarmed at a traveller's intrusion, she stood
A moment in doubt, till then turned, as in haste:
"By By; but oh! why, when so kindly embraced?
And that timid, sunbeamed, wild gipsy of love,
Threw only in fear rolled, a look from above
Her beautiful eyes? Why? How could he refuse
From whence came the glow to mingle in the hue?

In youth, health, and innocence, blessing and bright,
She stood—in her vision of beauty and light
Her fairness (her glint in the sunlight I see)
Still in the toss singing the song of the bird,
Which sweetened the air, and enchanted the glow
Of the clouds, which were dazzling as lillies of snow,
And my life there was given in her hands to remain,
Till that vision should cease to illumine my eyes,
Or the gipsy I caught in that green country lane.

BATTLE OF SANDY CREEK.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Among the historical events of our last war with England, I am not aware that any record has ever been made of the Battle of Sandy Creek, although that affair is fresh in the memory of the older residents of the locality.

It was from the lips of persons still living, and who participated in the fight, that I gathered the account of it I give below.

Sandy Creek is formed by two beautiful streams—the North Sandy and the South Sandy. These rising in the western part of Lewis County, run through the southwestern corner of Jefferson County, in the State of New York, and uniting their waters from thence empty into Lake Ontario, about twenty miles south of Sackett's Harbor.

After the capture, by the Americans, of Toronto, then called Little York, and the British troops were preparing to embark from that place, on the expedition against Sackett's Harbor, at the mouth of the Niagara, the British ex-Kingston, Upper Canada, having great anxiety for the safety and protection of Sackett's Harbor, determined to make a sudden and successful attack upon the town.

The reduction of this port was of the utmost importance to the enemy, as it was our only naval depot on Lake Ontario, and the chief one on the line of the Great Lakes; for the gallant Perry had just commanded the fleet of Lake Erie, at the little town of Erie.

At Sackett's Harbor had been collected considerable military stores; and vessels of war, destined for service on the Lake, were in process of construction—when already finished, and others still on the stocks.

On the evening of the 27th of May, 1813—the same day on which Fort George was captured—the English made their appearance off the entrance of the Harbor. The fleet was under the command of Sir James Yeo; while the landing of the troops, and the attack upon the town, was directed by Sir George Prevost. On the following day, (the 28th,) the debarkation was expected, on the peninsula called Horse Island, at a short distance from the town.

The island upon this place, and the repulse of the enemy, is well known to all familiar with the history of the war; and I refer to it only, as it is connected with the affair at Sandy Creek.

But before leaving this portion of the subject, however, it may be well to state that the fleet brought against Sackett's Harbor, consisted of the Wolfe, the Royal George, the Prince Regent, the Earl of Moira, and one brig, two schooners, and two gun-boats, with fifteen hundred troops, containing in all twelve hundred troops.

Failing in his designs upon the place, Sir James Yeo, somewhat crestfallen, that a handful of raw militia should have given him such a severe rough a reception, lifted his anchors, and directed his course up the lake, intending to look into Oswego, and along the American shore, on his way to Fort George and Little York.

On arriving off the mouth of Sandy Creek, he descried the two schooners from the fleet, with orders to proceed up the creek to the point where it was supposed the American fleet accumulated supplies for Chauncey's squadron; and after capturing as many of them stores as possible to the vessels, to destroy the remainder, and the buildings, and otherwise molest the inhabitants and their property.

In obedience to these instructions, the schooners steered for the entrance to the creek. But a low extending arm, the mouth prevented the passage of the largest vessel. The other, however, had no difficulty; and having entered, lay to, within the lieutenant in command and other officers landed on the beach to reconnoitre.

At this point, which is a low marsh and bush, with the waves of the lake breaking in front, and a dense, impenetrable wood in the rear, stood a solitary frame house—a sort of tavern, for the accommodation of fishermen from the surrounding country; and in the upper window of which was kept a light, for the benefit of those navigating the lake. This house is still standing, and is still occupied for the same purpose.

At the time of the arrival of the British vessels, this house was occupied by a man named Lawrence, who to the business of a tavern keeper, added that of a fisherman, and occasionally that of a trapper.

Entering the house, the British officers ordered the landlord to set before them the choicest liquors he had, and while seated at the table, paying their debts, they plied him with interrogatories relating to the condition and amount of the force up the creek.

Lawrence, who had been employed at various times, at the landing, in assisting to convey away the supplies, was enabled to answer their questions satisfactorily.

"Are there any soldiers there to guard those stores?" demanded the lieutenant.

"No," was the reply. "They are in charge of a deputy commissary, assisted only by two or three hired men."

"Are you sure there are no soldiers there?" was next asked.

"Certainly I am," replied Lawrence, "for it's scarcely three hours since I returned from the landing, and the only persons there were those I have mentioned."

"Well, my man, you must go aboard with us, and pilot us to the place. And mind ye, if you have lied to us, we will hang you to the first tree there."

"I have no objection to pilot you, gentlemen," returned the tavern keeper. "But that is necessary necessary, as there is water enough all the way to the landing for the largest vessel in your fleet. You have only to sail up the South Branch, and the stores you are in search of are on the first firm ground you will reach."

Satisfied with these words, the officers returned to the vessel. But to prevent the escape of the landlord, in case he had deceived them, they took with them his family, and recorded on their way.

Lawrence had answered truly, so far as he knew. But the attack upon Sackett's Harbor had aroused the country, and the militia to arms of lowering areas was on the alert.

The progress of the British fleet had been watched from all the headlands; and when it was seen to enter and pass the mouth of Sandy Creek, fleet horsemen were sent out to spread the alarm. Bodies of militia, on their way to the Harbor, turned back at the tidings, and hastened toward the threatened point.

Colonel Ashley of Ashleyburgh, with his men, and a small force of heroes Indians, being nearest to the place, arrived with the first tidings that the British officers were indulging in their grog and Madeira at the tavern; and taking the precaution so as not to attract attention, the Americans surrounded the house in silence.

Ashley and his militia took possession of the above-named vessel in the creek. Those from the Senecas crossed the creek, and secreted themselves in a dog-gish grass of grass and rushes below; so that the attacking party would be on both sides of the vessel.

The creek at this point was about fifty yards wide, with low, marshy banks, favorable for landing, which was on the right bank, about half a mile from the mouth, among the low branches.

Having reached the mouth of South Sandy, the bend in this stream making the light brass unfavorable, boats were ordered ashore, and the fleet moved toward the landing.

So confident was the officer in command that no measures would be made to prevent his landing, that he did not even take the usual precaution to have his men under arms upon the beach.

In order to facilitate the towing of the vessel up the creek, a number of men, accordingly, in the ensuing day, were ordered to the shore, and the same up slowly toward the firm ground. Lawrence was left in charge of the vessel, and had any suspicion of the trap into which he was running.

Even the Indians lay quietly in their ambush, and the commissary supposed all was right.

As the schooner here is sight, her decks were crowded with men, but evidently without any regular crew, as the surface huge numbers of the sailors, and the British officers, had been distributed through the fleet. The vessel also carried four carronades, two to the bows, and two to the stern.

Slowly and noiselessly she passed to her landing, and the men made ready to spring, and made fast to trees. Already had a number of the sailors leaped to the shore, when the signal of opening the fire of musketry and rifles upon the schooner from the bushes, followed by a volley poured from the windows of the storehouse and the neighboring thicket.

This firing was instantly responded to by the guns upon the deck of the vessel, and the air filled the air with their fierce reverberations, and the whistling of bullets and grape-shot.

The young lieutenant in command of the vessel, who was but evidently inexperienced, was seen to fall as he was urging his men to the attack, and he had scarcely time to fall into over into confusion, and for several minutes they were not fully organized, forming a line.

Each officer now endeavored to take the command, and one, a lieutenant of the land troops, having, during the confusion, left his shore, sprung back to the deck of the schooner, and commenced firing the carronades on the side of the guns, which, being charged with grape-shot, swept the opposite shore of rifles and bushes. Several shots passed through the timber, where these had been posted, but the aim of the gunners was too high to do much other execution.

It became an object with the Americans to silence these guns. Good marksmen were therefore selected, whose orders were to watch the gunners, and shoot down all who came to the pieces. These men carried to the fight the rifles with which they were accustomed to kill deer. They made it their boast that they never shot a man if they could help it, intending to keep that slight at six grs of the game. Though none of them had ever had experience in the use of the musket, they were cool as well as courageous, and determined. Of this, the result did one of the enemy approach a gun with match in hand, he fell through his head, or a rifle ball through his heart.

Meanwhile the men fell in this way, till nineteen of them had fallen at the trenches of the guns, and others refused to the dangerous post.

The young officer who had applied the first match, and who appeared to have taken the command, was one of the men hung back from the pieces, snatched a linstock from the deck, and advancing to one of the guns, fired—his right arm set of touching the priming, when, dropping the linstock, he sprang back, and fell dead upon the deck.

The dead were afterwards examined, and over the region of the heart were found nine rifle balls, all of which, it was supposed, would pass covered with the hand.

The enemy now began to extinguish them of endeavoring to retreat from this deadly fire, by cutting the cables, and getting their vessels down the stream, below the firm ground, and out of reach of the bullets.

At first she fell slowly from the landing, till, getting out into the current, she would soon have got beyond the range of the militia. But in their haste to depart, several of the men were left upon the hills, when, the breeze striking upon them, threw the bows of the vessel up into the wind, and she became unmanageable, and she struck fast.

The Senecas now opened upon her, while the riflemen on the other side picked off the men, as they attempted to swim ashore. Many of the vessel's head again into deep water.

At length, finding it impossible to effect their escape, the schooner struck her flag, in token of surrender. Col. Ashley accordingly, on going aboard, gave the order to cease firing; but the blood of the Indians was up—they had lost several of their warriors, and regardless of the shouts of the officer, continued to shoot down the unresisting English, till the brave colonel, mounting his horse, which was near at hand, spurred him into the stream, and swimming him to the opposite side, rushed with sword in hand among the infuriated savages. So determined were they on revenge, that Ashley found it necessary to threaten the life of their chief, if he did not call off his warriors.

"Me remember Bullah! me remember But fah!" exclaimed the Indian, to be reluctantly ordered his people to desist.

On boarding the schooner, her decks were covered with the dead and wounded. Sailors and soldiers were piled indiscriminately together. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to upwards of forty; while the prisoners, who were conveyed to Sackett's Harbor, were something less than half this number.

The American loss was not all that severe, with the exception of the small force of Senecas, and who had come to the assistance of the militia only in between one and two hundred; but many of these were armed only with such rifles as they could procure, mounted on the saddles each, and which they had not been able to discharge during the fight.

The dead were buried, with the honors of war, near the spot where the action occurred; and the wounded who could not bear the transportation to the hospital, were conveyed there at the Harbor, were distributed among the neighboring farmers, where they were kindly cared for.

The loss of the Americans was three killed and seven wounded.

While the prisoners were being mustered, preparatory to being marched to Sackett's harbor, the following amusing and characteristic incident occurred. One of the prisoners, apparently a common soldier, and sailors were to follow, was called out, under a sufficient guard, among the rest. This man was a deserter, named John Ball, whose form had been conspicuous in the fight at the mouth of the creek. Knowing he was a prisoner, the huge sailor had not surrendered; but, with a dagger which grasped in each hand, Yankee should ever face Ana to march! Heedless of the fate of his comrades, he had fought, gallantly bulk, who was the sergeant of the guard, ordered him to lay down his arms. The man, outwardly requested him to fall into his place among the rest.

"You are among friends now, Jack, what's the use of fighting any more?" said the officer kindly.

The sailor, casting upon the stripling a look of genuine disdain, replied, "I'm a prisoner, am I from its stomach, and aimed a fierce and deadly blow at the lad.

The sergeant, seeing mischief in the sailor's eye, was on the alert, and accordingly, when he raised the blow, then throwing his musket to the ground, he struck his Englishman a full in his face, and, at the same time, his eye, that felled him like a bullock to the ground. The fellow was taken up, apparently lifeless, and after his resentment position, with an expression of countenance, and muttering something about the "kick of a jackass," took his place among the prisoners, who were marched off to their place of destination.

GIVING TO THE POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't Brown give anything?" said Mr. Ward.

"Not a dime," was answered.

"Or Thompson?"

"Oh, he said something about the hitem that he always had to contribute to such objects. He kept patient enough to hear him to the end."

"Or Jones?" said Mr. Ward, in response for parsimony.

"He! Ha! Ha! Well, well! Some men's hearts are made of iron."

"And had him how destitute poor Mrs. Folger was?"

"Yes."

"And he didn't put his hand in his pocket?"

"Very well. Let Mr. Brown pass. We can do without him. Every one is not charitable, and if we neglect our duty, He will not forget."

"I couldn't help laughing at the idea of Mr. Brown," said Mr. Ward to his wife, "and noticing his comfortable arrangements. Cushioned easy chairs, carpets, soft tapestry on the windows, and Mr. Brown, in wrapper and slippers, sitting by the glowing grate, with a cigar between his lips, and a basket, Poor Mrs. Folger! I thought of her, and the cheerless, cold, comfortless appearance of her cosh. Well, well! Some have their good things in this life, and some have their evil things; but there will be a reversion of this order in the next life. Mr. Brown will be among the poorest people's feasts. The more they get, the less they will be disposed to do. Is it not so, Mary, to Brown's? Nothing! It would not have been pleasant for Mr. Brown to have seen Mrs. Folger's comfort. But to Mr. Folger and her poor children, it would have been a blessed sight indeed. The difference is striking and significant. I am sorry for Mr. Brown. He will have to pay dearly for his treasure in heaven."

And so they talked, sitting in judgment, on the rich man, who, in their opinion, ought to have had a passing glimpse. Let us see how he did. He was seated on the side of a sofa, away, in a narrow court, amidst the children of poverty, and the squalid appearance of destitution. There is an old pine table, with one or two rickety chairs, and a small cooking stove, in the apartment. It is a scene of disorder and dirt. Mrs. Folger, with a child in her arms, is standing by the table, engaged with the baby. Folger. Her attitude expresses a nerveless state of mind, and her face is pale and sorrow-worn. Three children are about the stove. One of them is a stout, second-looking boy, over twelve years of age. He is sitting on the floor—his legs right and ten.

"You'll have to go back, John," says the mother, in a tone of pitiful remonstrance. "I'm afraid you'll get lost."

John's face darkens.

"I don't want to go up and go off in the cold, I do, every morning—"

"But you must, my son. I pity you," breaks in the weak, irresolute mother. "But what are we to do? We have no money to buy coal."

"I can never stand it, mother. My back aches all the time. I'll go back to-morrow, if I can get some. And Mr. Grind is a Turk. He won't trust us for another load, I'm afraid. They say he killed a boy last winter. I'm so cold, I'm afraid I'll die myself. I can't remember he comes near me. Yesterday he caught me by the ear and gave me a box on the side of the head. O dear! I can't stand it, mother, and I won't."

The mother began weeping for the boy in the first place she could, and then smoke a knock at her door, which, not moving, she answered by a loud call to a woman sitting in the adjoining room, to open it. A well-dressed, handsome, but rather stout, lady, with a slightly composed manner, and Children's attire was that of a person quite above her social condition.

"Mrs. Folger?"

"Yes, ma'am." The tone was faint and piteous, and the face in keeping with the voice. "Won't you sit down?" And Mrs. Folger brushed a chair, and stood in the middle of the room, with her dirty apron—it needed the operation—and looked it to its lady, whose quick eyes were taking in everything almost at a glance.

"Are you sick?" was inquired, in a calm, searching voice.

"No, ma'am, not just sick; but a never feel very well."

"Is this the way in which you live all the while?" The visitor glanced around the room again.

"Yes, ma'am. Poor people can't have things like this."

"You must be clean and neat, and make the most of what they have. Water costs nothing, and so does a dry cupcake on a room like this, would keep it sweet and in order. Are these your children?"

"Yes ma'am." Still plaintive, almost whining.

"How old is the boy?"

"Fourteen."

"Why don't he at work?"

"He's had a place, ma'am, but he left it somehow."

"Why?"

"They worked him so hard and treated him so cruelly that he couldn't stand it. They treat poor boys worse than dumb beasts, sometimes."

The lady eyed the boy for a few moments, with a pitying look.

"He doesn't look as if he'd been very badly used. What's your name, sir?"

"John," answered the boy.

"Where have you been at work?"

"In a hat factory."

"How much did they pay you?"

"Two dollars and a half, ma'am."

"And you left that?"

The boy strummed a lame excuse.

"That won't do," said the lady. "You must go back to your place again. A boy that's worth two dollars and a half a week can earn something. Send him back to his place, Mrs. Folger, and be thankful that he was offered it. It's a good thing winter. There are hundreds around you, men and boys, who haven't a dollar to earn. Send him back, and be not doing in the way of supporting yourself and children?"

Ten woman's manner began to grow warmer. She didn't feel comfortable in the presence of such unsympathizing goodness.

"I haven't any work just now," she answered. "I've been sewing; but what kind of work have you been doing?"

"I've been washing and ironing, but I'm a weakly woman, and it was so dreadful hard on me that I had to give it up."

"Can't you sew?"

"Yes, ma'am, but heading over that kind of work gives me a pain in my breast."

She was getting cold down in Idleness and disorder, and encouraging the same vices in your children? Is that the way to support them?

The woman alone might have borne this, but her two children were present, and let that be the benefits and protection of useful employment. Go to work! Put your rooms in order, and keep them so. Try and live like a decent woman. This is the way to do. You expect your poor children to become, if raised in idleness, disorder, and dirt? Think your boy can be a help-ing and industrious; and this, by example. Let your children see another thing, and they will not be longer. But, in all cases, it is best that you should support your self and children by the labor of your own hands. Rise early, and be up to the ability—it save to meet with hurrying, disappointment, and, if needful, reluctantly, the desperate service that is such a hindrance to the poor. Let your children see you at work in singing, but in teaching them in how they can to become faithful and earnest in the duties that will be committed to their hands. In most cases our struggles the poor are the result of sloth.

A week passed. Mr. Ward was at his door, key in hand, just about leaving home, when Mrs. Ward stepped, in soiled finery, run up and said:

"O sir! Mother sent me round to ask if you wouldn't come and see her. She could had a frightful turn."

"What's your mother?"

"Mrs. Folger," we answered.

"Mrs. Folger!"

"Oh! The policeman's carried our John off, and say he'll be sent to the house of the poor."

"What's John born doing?"

"I don't know. Mother wants you to come there."

Mr. Ward had felt very comfortable in mind about Mrs. Folger. His thoughts had turned to her very often, and he had felt a little twinge of pleasure. The ten of cool, and fifteen dollars, given to remember her in her destitution, for which he saw her with her children into a kind of Paradise. Many times he had thought of the pleasant smiles in this core, with the "heartless indifference" of Mr. Brown, his rich neighbor; and the pleasure of a full conscience rested in his heart. Now, he was disturbed from his tranquil enjoyment of this aspect of affairs, not by any means agreeable. Something was wrong, and he must set it right, at the child. As he walked along he observed her countenance. She had a pale face, and was pale colored frock; and around her waist was a broad sash, which fell to the hem of her dress.

"Where did you get that dress?" inquired Mr. Ward.

"Mother bought it."

"When?"

"Next day after you were at our house."

"She did?"

"Yes sir. Mr. and Bulls were invited to a party at Mrs. Folger's, and mother said she thought we should look as well as any body's children—and so we did. Mother sat up all night to get me done."

So you and Bulls both had new party dresses last night?"

"Yes sir. And new shoes,"—glancing down at a pair of neat boots.

Mr. Ward began to feel some stirrings of the natural man. He began to think of the good dresses, crying and wringing her hands. After a little while, he inquired, "Is your mother in?"

Simple truth in the case, not omitting the fact that Mrs. Folger had spent the whole evening money in the way already mentioned. One dissonant and jarring note in the harmonious, but complaisantly of violence boys drew him into their boisterous sports, and, in the scuffle, he had been arrested, with another lad older than himself, for the crime of violence, and was already understanding the case, and accentuating, besides, that Mrs. Folger, in her excitement, forgot the whole sum placed in her hands, compassion changed to indignation.

"Let him go to the House of Refuge! It's the best place for him. He may come out an honest, industrious boy. I'll have nothing to do with agreements, only a miracle can save him from the Judge's Police and Police.

And so' saying, our impulsive philanthropist turned from the family, a miserable mother, and left her in her sorrow and despair. It was his first and last visit to the abode of the wife of self-dependence; his blind benevolence had had observed a pressing necessity in the boy's returning to his work, and in the life days that followed, stern thoughts on reasonable dissent. There had been no wise discrimination in giving; and there was, now, no pity in his heart, as he turned away, saying to himself, "It never do a kind act again, so long as I live."

So acts, usually, your sudden philanthropist, who give from weak impulse, instead of a true benevolence.

To ver another as to teach him to vex us again; injuries awakes revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

FIRST SPRING MORNING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Then wrapest Wherefore? O most welcome guest,
So lov'd, so waited for my why should ours
Then gathering, glitter in thine eyes of blue?

Pour'st thou with sunlight all unselfd, to bend
Our Earth, that studeth with her misty cast
Pour thy sweet flowers out on her broken'd breast,
Full of His love who gave them, and permits,
Their bosom shall with mine some warmth of gratitude.

Breathe'st thou this shingrful clime, where Winter oft
Sweeps back His oblivion to his forlit realm,
With tranquil whitth of blanks, and beauty of curtain?
And men, more shingrful still, makes havoc dire
Of Heaven's rich blessings, prone and sadly?
Uplift thy voice, and bid the breast flee,
And to this allotment cry, "Repent!
Return, and live!"

Go to those soulld ones
That find the crystal atmosphere where the soul
Should bathe for heavenly health, and with a wish sane
And here would claim double the meds that others need.
Might fruitfly and clothe their empty wings with green.
Cry "Summer!"

But with a gentle hand
Strow snow-drops o'er the bed of the lonesome
That pattering from the cottage-threshold come,
And bind thy lilied wreath around the tomb!
Of joyous youth,—yet, let the miser feel
Thy breath benignant 'mid his rusted coins,
And wondering, hail his own extraordinariness.

Then shalt thou greet in beauty, Maid of Judea,
But like the children of true charity
Mid the few gifts, the treasured grief forgot.

Hartford, Conn., March 1st, 1862.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM AND ITS WRECK.

Yes: Nelly was gone.

The tiles were hot with the silent care, the lamp burned brightly, and the fire crackled and glowed cheerily. All was soothing him, all to make language said "welcome," and gave token of her care; but where was she?

The sudden tremor which ran through his veins told him how dear she was still, through all neglect, all cold coldness, and stern determination.

Then, for the first time he remembered, and he ejaculated, "God forbid I should do her harm!"

It was Dame Rullocks, old Dan's wife, who came in from the adjoining room, raised a finger to her lips, and met the exclamation that was on those of the anxious husband.

"No, nothing the matter, she was only took faint, and I'd happened to look in, so I sat with her, and persuaded her to lie down; she's just drank a bit," then, after a pause, the good woman added, "She's been soothing, poor child, in her way, and seems to have confided on her mind; is ought amiss, Aaron? I hid knowed in from a child, ye might tell me."

Poor tortured Frankles! here was food for the fire that was consuming him. It was his disappointed love, his jealousy, his pride, his wife wept for, no doubt.

Oh! how apt we are at conclusions when they tend to one's own misery! But he answered the good dame with thanks, that Nelly was looking be knew of.

Again she whispered, laying her hand upon his arm with the kind freedom of a parent, "I cannot help hearing, it hasn't been well, and I know'd say ye was aren't quite so happy as might be; you're young, dear lad, ye must just be patience with Nelly; she's a good lass, a sweet lass; a bit wilful and wayward like I know, but mine ye, Aaron, she's never had no mother for to put her right, and leastways she don't know the good of one—and that's a sore miss. Her patience wi' her, yer a good lad, and still will come right, the little one will work wonders, say lad, you'll see; she will come more thought-ful and gentler like as time goes on!" then, Dame, his' patience with the young thing, for she be but young and so good as gold, ye mustn't mind he for speaking now, for ye see I feel like ye was my son, either one or t'other."

Frankles took the hand of the kind old body in his own, and pressed it warmly and blessed her

She think knew, well meaning as she was, good soul, all the value of her words just then.

Poor Nelly! she had wounded the heart of his soul! What a contrast to the lust to which he had listened. He looked round upon his home with a casual vision, and he brushed in peace; the small things of the fire-lit domestic picture seemed to die away further and further—he would not think of them.

A gentle voice from the inner room recalled the dame, and Aaron heard her in expostulation with her things, who was kneeling on rising to join her husband at his meal.

He hastened to add his protest to that of the good neighbor, and with some difficulty succeeded in inducing Nelly to remove her shawl was, while he took a hasty supper, and then came to seek himself by her bed-side.

Dame Rullock's returned home, after requesting that she should be called, if there was any fresh occasion—and they were alone.

Husband and wife alone—each with a secret heavy at the heart—longing to speak, yet dreading to lay to the subject nearest.

How many evils, how much of wrong would the world be spared, were perfect confidence observed between such relations!

Had Frankles but been accustomed to his wife when he had been told, all must have come forth; the confidence, which was yearning for bestowal, would have been his.

Could Nelly only have relented to her husband how did her poor pen the kneeling upon the threshold without meeting Meghorn in her path, and of the reasons that led to deed and avoid him—of the fear and self-reproach that haunted her, even to causing her terrible illness by day. Well—and it been so, all might have been very differently.

But various motives held both silent.

Once nothing her pain face to his, she put her arms about him.

"Aaron, dear husband!"

He bent down to her pillow.

"Yes, dearest Nelly."

She paused and sighed, then said; "*I do so love you, dear*; sometimes, when I am by myself, I get so miserable, thinking if I was to lose you, or you to leave me, what should I do without you to take care of me?"

She spoke tearfully, but with a world of affection in her tones.

He was silent. Could he doubt her? No, no! he was true to her. "Let the past be past," said the honest fellow to himself: "I will not pain her by bringing it to mind." He kissed her and answered back her words of love.

The days passed on, Nelly's brief indisposition went with them; and her health restored gave no immediate cause for anxiety.

An unusually mild winter had been succeeded by a biting, inclement spring. Fierce gales, which veered within the twenty-four hours to every point of the compass, sorely vexed the souls of all who were "down to the sea," whether in ships or smaller craft, and of all who on shore, even in warm agony of suspense, nightly watched, and wept, and prayed, from the fulness of anxious hearts, to the One in the hollow of whose hand are its waters, at whose bidding alone the winds cry "hush," and the tempest is stayed.

Great had been the loss of life and disasters of shipwreck on that coast in the early spring months. The sea not seldom flooded the land, next down found orphans clinging round widowed and shrieking mothers. Brave sons, the sole support of aged parents and impotent sisters, bode a gay farewell, and took of the coming day; to friends whose best effort it was to lay a drag up from murderous rocks and bloody surf the mangled, lifeless corpse.

Weeping, and lamentation, and the signs of sore bereavement were the only tokens the pleasant little village, which had smiled in the sun of summer, and had what's waves had long clustered in a new beauty—that cruel spring.

Amid this terrible difficulty, Saul Meghorn came out in a new character—that of benefactor and succorer of the suffering and distressed.

He caused lights to be burned and signals to be fired from the conspicuous point his dwelling occupied; boats were, by his orders and expenses, kept ready for rescuing assistance where it was possible, and on more than one occasion he had himself volunteered to go out with a crew to a vessel in distress, when the cries and frantic gestures of the drowned or unlimed fishermen betrayed their extreme means of subsistence.

Nor was Aaron Frankles absent at the call of duty, though he did not, as Meghorn did, have had the effect of detaining him when care for their respective wives required.

He had kept concealed the painful thoughts which would force themselves at times, and as much as possible avoided the society of Meghorn, but his circumstances made this now most difficult. On more than one occasion Saul had implied on Aaron in such a manner as made it difficult to refuse accompanying him, without the imputation of cowardice; and the praises and fastness of the man he hated were even more painful to the fisherman's ear when the quarrel would have been, which, upon the slightest provocation, Aaron would have given utterance to.

His situation was irksome; he resolved that, with his wife's concurrence, they would, after certain event, remove to a village some miles up the coast.

Nelly, on her part, had her secret source of disquiet.

Relieved, for some time past, to the unwelcome presence of Saul Meghorn at her house, she was seized with the fear that her husband, from his visits to the latter's dwelling-place, became intimate with him, should enter into any closer engagements with him, and so be constantly under the cottage.

That premeditated wife shrank from the idea of ever renewing an acquaintance with a man, whose known power over her husband, and whose known to her husband, as she believed, and Judith Aaron's confidence in him, had not been bound enough from the neighbors to know that they were not to become tenants.

Thus a sort of mutual hesitation, a want of that unreserved, free intercourse of husband and wife, though no unkindness existed, had arisen.

The evil days of the visitation seemed to have passed away. Aaron, though not yet quite lulled somewhat; they whom affection had severed were again drawn together, and to the less fortunate, and among the former Nelly and her husband were not backward.

Many a poor family blessed Aaron's skilful hand and generous heart, and many a one was more to them than money—the service of sympathy and kindness.

He had spent the day, after a night of toiling at his own work, in the service and care of one of those unfortunates whose home had been the sea, and whose only refuge is the land.

The night was far advanced when he returned; he hoped to find that Nelly had gone to rest, but she was up, and, which is not surprising, all communing was in commotion.

She began by gently upbraiding him for not having come home to dinner, and partaking of needful rest, but from one root of complaint to another.

"You leave me so long alone, and so nervous, strange, I am, that I cannot bear it; you never love me as you did once."

If words often doubt whether you ever love me at all," said Aaron, with more bitterness in his tone than he usually expressed.

"Ah! perhaps I dare," replied his wife, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her face with a round indifference which chilled his very soul, "but you are always so unkind to me now."

"No?" he cried, hotly, "you should not have been a poor man's wife, Nelly, you need not mind these complaints."

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"I dare say not; it is a pity you didn't choose better."

"Oh, it's not too late," she exclaimed, with flashing eyes and a flushed cheek, and she turned them full upon him.

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"Is it not?" he replied, in that word he arise as he sprung from his chair, and dashing on his hat and cloak, he left the room, his fresh oceans air—and they were alone.

She sprang after him to the door, to the gate, cried aloud his name, but he heeded her not, and sobs—to come back, that she was but joking.

Then she returned to the room. The rocks sent back the despairing cries; she wrung her hands pitifully up the cleft, but he, he believ, was the unconscious cause of the storm raging on the heath.

"To the boats? oh, he will go out, and the wind is rising off shore," she sobbed; "oh, who can help me? Dame Rullocks is gone, oh, to come back?"

Dame Rullocks began to fill, dark clouds were rapidly covering up the moon; she shuddered as she looked out upon the lurid lines, and returned to the cottage.

Never, in all their disputes, had he thus left her. She could not go to bed—in the utter darkness, the howling tempest, unprotected as forth any one—neither would she have it known why her husband had gone. She sat down, and sighed and wept, listening for some sign of his return, then, overcome with the unceasing woe, and the silent pattering on the casements.

She made up the fire, for she thought he would come home in the cold, and sat down to do, how thankful she would be, how good and kind, and never would she give him cause for any things again.

So, the hours rolled on; midnight had come and was past; when, in the first hour of the morning, the storm was at its height with a violence that surpassed all that had gone before.

The fishermen's cottage stood lightly detached in such swift succession, that earth and sky seemed ablaze; the rain poured in torrents, and the mountain streams, swollen to cascades, dashed with a deafening sound to join their waters to the seething confusion, which hissed, and boiled, and groaned below. All nature seemed raging in conflict, and the wind, risen to a hurricane, blew straight on shore.

It was certain destruction to any craft at sea that night, and she knew it.

Trembling, she knelt upon the floor of her desolate home, and, as she cowered from the awful rack of elements, she wept and prayed incessantly—prayed as she had never prayed till now—"Oh, Lord of mercy! send my husband back in safety, and never, never will I offend him more."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT SAUL MEGHORN WAS.

Out upon the jutting cliffs and desolate crest, where Saul Meghorn had taken up his solitary abode, the high storm raged even more fiercely, owing to revel in total abandonment to its fury.

The lightning's vivid flash at each pause lighted Saul's old housekeeper, as she shivered, in the moaning, howl round her, and by it was in the ashes sustained by the blast. "Eh! see we all clear, and our souls in the hands of the crone. "Where be the master this while, I wonder? you would say he liked such awful nights best; and he'll be back in awhile, we shall see him."

She stopped short in her mumbling soliloquy as a door in the rear of the house slammed-to violently, and the master himself passed rapidly along a passage and up the stairs.

The old woman had taken up a candle, and was hastening to show a light; but as with a wild gesture he motioned it out, and his sight fierce flash's cold housekeeper, as she shivered, the moaning, howl round her, and by it was seen to